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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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"DRIVEN FROM HOME." Page 62.

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HUMPY DUMPY;

OR,

THE CORNER GROCERY.

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BY

REV. J. JAY DANA.

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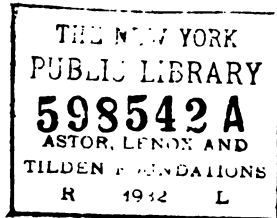
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HUMPY DUMPY;

OR,

THE CORNER GROCERY.

CHAPTER I.

N the corner of Columbia Street and Highland Place, in one of our large cities, stands a wooden building which was originally a dwelling-house. At the time it was built, this was the aristocratic part of the city, and the dwellings were the homes of some of the most wealthy citizens. The course of trade and the influence of fashion—which, if possible, is more potent than commerce—have led most of the original occupants of these buildings to sell and build elsewhere.

A few of these old houses still remain in the vicinity, hemmed in on either side by large stores with granite or marble fronts, but are inhabited by a

class of people very different from the original owners.

The wooden building mentioned above was erected many years ago by Doctor Hemminway for his private residence. He had a lucrative practice, and accumulated a large property. He bought several lots on Columbia Street, and built his house near those of some of his most wealthy patrons. Back of his house, and on the south side of it, he had a large garden. He was an accomplished botanist, and delighted in flowers. He employed an Englishman for a gardener. This garden soon became a great attraction. He delighted to send flowers to his friends. If any of his patients were known to be fond of flowers, he sent them some, freshly cut and nicely arranged.

In the days of Doctor Hemminway, horticultural gardens and green-houses were rare even in large cities. Horticultural societies were then unknown. Flowers were not as common then as now. Consequently, when the handsome bouquet, arranged by the delicate fingers of the doctor's daughters, found its way to the sick-chamber, it was cordially welcomed. When, too, the wreath, woven together by the same kind hands, was laid upon the coffin which contained



a beloved relative, the bereaved felt that it formed a new bond of attachment between the afflicted and their family physician.

The children who played with each other on Columbia Street took great delight in frequenting this part of the city. The high picket-fence, though it prevented their entering the garden, did not hinder them from looking at the beautiful flowers, nor from smelling the delightful fragrance which was wafted by the winds towards the street. Indeed, to many of these children, this garden was the only green spot upon which their eyes rested during the whole year. Who wonders that it was a favorite place? Who wonders that the poorer children of the city, whose back-yards were covered with paving-stones and reeking with filth, delighted to come to this aristocratic part of the city, and feast their eyes upon the beautiful plants and inhale the sweet perfume of Dr. Heminway's garden? When from dark alleys and close and narrow streets the children came, "some in rags, and some in tags," and arranged themselves alongside of this high fence, and put their eyes and noses between the pickets to enjoy the pleasant sight and smell the sweet fragrance, the more

aristocratic boys and girls on Columbia Street felt as though their rights were infringed upon. Because they lived in the immediate vicinity of Dr. Hemmingsway, they felt that they had a claim upon his garden superior to that of boys and girls from other portions of the city. For this reason the "upper-tendom" boys would order the other boys away. Sometimes they were awed into obedience by the assumed authority of these sons of wealthy parents. It often happened, however, that some Tom or Jim or Bill, from some alley, did not look at this matter just as the boys who lived near Dr. Hemmingsway did, and claimed that he had just as much right to look at this garden as they had. Out of these differences of opinion grew many fights. In these fights, the boys from the alleys were generally more than a match for those in Columbia Street. They had too much muscle for the "upper tendom." Many a boy who was ordered away because his clothes were dirty, left; but he did not go till he had laid the boy who ordered him away in the gutter, and rendered his nice round-about and white pants as dirty as the rags which covered his own nakedness.

Some of the parents of the boys who got black eyes and dirty clothes in conflicts with boys

from other parts of the city complained to Dr. Heminway, and requested him to order these boys away, and leave the walk clear for a play-ground for their own children. He assured them that it gave him pleasure to have the poor enjoy his garden, and added that, if his neighbors' children would only let them alone, they would come and go peaceably.

When the parents found that the doctor would not interfere, they charged their children to let the other children alone. They could readily perceive that, so far as abstract right was concerned, the boys and girls from other parts of the city stood upon the same ground as their own.

On the whole, the doctor's garden was considered a great blessing both by the rich and the poor.

It came to pass, however, that Dr. Heminway, who, by his skilful administration of drugs and medicines, had driven death back from his neighbors, was laid upon a bed of sickness. It soon became evident that his sickness would prove fatal. His medical friends did their utmost to save him, but their efforts were fruitless. He died. His loss was sincerely felt. He was extensively known, not only as a physician, but he was a working or an honorary member of most of the scientific societies of the day. After his death, formal or informal

meetings of these societies were called, and resolutions of condolence were passed, and they voted to attend his funeral.

Never in that city had a funeral occurred which called together more men of wealth and more men of science than that of Dr. Hemmway. When the officiating clergyman, in his address, which was founded upon the words, "Luke, the beloved physician," spoke of the traits of character which had rendered the deceased eminent in his profession, and had endeared him to so large a circle of friends, all present felt the tribute to be well deserved. He also spoke of him as one who had made no mean attainments in science, while at the same time he had been engaged in the arduous duties of his profession. Geology, chemistry, astronomy, and, in short, almost the whole range of the natural sciences had received more or less of his attention. The speaker showed that in these various directions he had made substantial attainments, and was deserving of praise for what he had thus done to increase the area of positive knowledge, and give to his fellow-men enlarged views of the works of God. When, in addition to all his professional duties and scientific pursuits, he stated that he was an active Christian and constant in his attendance on the

services of the sanctuary and meetings for prayer, those present felt that the doctor, now dead, well deserved the name applied to him of "the beloved physician." Few men have lived who had greater activity of mind than Doctor Luke Hemmaway. Few men have passed away who while living did more than he for his generation. Few physicians were more ready than he to investigate the claims of new remedies, and, if found worthy, to introduce them into practice. He felt that medicine was a great and important science, and that his studies would never be completed as long as he remained on earth.

When he had reached the age of threescore years and ten, and felt the infirmities attendant upon that period of life, he was urged by his family to desist from the active duties of his profession. They told him that he had property enough to provide for all his wants, present and prospective, and that he owed it to himself to give himself rest. His reply was characteristic of the man: "It is true that God has given me an abundance of this world's goods, but that is no reason why I should spend my time in idleness. He has given me talents to use, and enabled me to acquire skill in my profession, and I feel that duty requires me to

employ my powers natural, and acquired, in doing good to my fellow-men."

For these reasons, though bowed with the weight of years, he continued his professional work, only declining to attend upon calls in the night.

After his death, his large property fell to his son, Joseph Heminway, and his two married daughters, as his wife had been dead several years. In the division of the estate, his son took the house and garden, while the daughters received their portion in bank-stocks.

As Mr. Joseph Heminway is to appear in the story, to which the foregoing is merely introductory, we will say that, in many respects, he was precisely the opposite of his father. He inherited none of his father's fondness for flowers. He had felt for years that if that garden had been used for building-lots, it would have been a profitable investment.

He was a merchant, and also a dealer in real estate. He was a shrewd business man, and anxious to make money. Not many weeks passed after his father's death before the picket-fence which protected the garden from the street was torn away, and a new street cut through from Columbia Street

to the rear of the garden, which he called Highland Place.

On each side of the Place he erected blocks of houses. As this was deemed the aristocratic part of the city, these houses were soon rented. It was so near Columbia Street that it was considered a desirable place of residence, and, though in close proximity to this great thoroughfare, it was almost as quiet as the country.

Time has wrought great changes. At the period when our story commences, Columbia Street is filled with splendid warehouses. The houses in Highland Place are still standing, but, instead of being occupied by prosperous merchants, they are filled with a mixed population, stowed away, one family or more on a floor, from basement to attic. Various nationalities are represented. On the corner of Columbia Street and Highland Place, in appearance presenting a striking contrast with other buildings in the vicinity, stands the doctor's former residence, now known as the "corner grocery."

If, perchance, a former resident of that part of the city, who when a boy had trundled his hoop in front of Doctor Heminway's garden, should pass that way, he would find the stench which would greet his nostrils at the head of Highland Place far less

agreeable than the sweet odors which he formerly enjoyed as he looked between the pickets and saw the old doctor's gardener busy with his plants. Should he look down the Place, he could see, amidst the garbage and filth, many an urchin who reminds him of the Jim or Tom or Bill who had seized him by the collar and laid him down in the gutter, and then fled to some dark and dismal alley. He would find in that part of Columbia Street but one old landmark to remind him of the scenes of his boyhood, and that has now become the "corner grocery." He can remember how magnificent that house appeared to his boyish eyes, with its green blinds and brass door-knocker. This magnificence has all passed away. He now finds the name of "Thomas Williams, Grocer," on both corners of the building. He is glad to hail a street-car and proceed to some more congenial part of the city.

As, however, the events which we are to narrate took place in the main in that vicinity, we must ask the reader to remain with us in the neighborhood, even though we may encounter many things which are not very pleasant.

CHAPTER II.



ON a pleasant morning in June, a boy about twelve years old was sitting upon a box under one of the windows of the corner grocery, on the Highland-Place side of the building. By his side was a box containing blacking and brushes. He was watching the crowds who were passing along Columbia Street. Street-cars, omnibuses, wagons, carts, with a large number of lighter vehicles, filled the great thoroughfare. His attention was particularly attracted by a carriage, drawn by a span of bright bay horses, driven by a man well dressed, and with his hands covered by white gloves.

He said to himself, as this carriage passed the corner, "There goes some of the 'stocracy, I suppose. I wonder how it would seem to ride in a nice carriage, and have a man to drive my horses for me? I may have one some day, and then I sha'n't have to go barefoot and black boots for a living. I have heard mother say she used to belong to the 'stocracy, and ride in a nice carriage,

and have nice dresses, and have everything she wanted. Some time, when she an't crying and has no work to do, I mean to ask her to tell me all about it. She is just as good a woman as that was that just rode up-street in such grand style."

Such were his meditations, when a stranger came round the corner. The boy broke off his meditations as the stranger came in sight; for, to his practised eye, here was a chance for business. He rose from his seat and said, "Have a shine, sir?"

"Yes, I don't care if I do."

The box was placed on the sidewalk, and the gentleman placed his foot upon it, and the boy got down upon his knees and commenced polishing his boots.

"Been out in a rain, I guess?" said the boy.

"Yes, I was caught out last night in the lower part of the city, and I have had no chance to sleek up this morning."

"Dirty streets down that way, sir, and I might get plenty of business down there; but the trouble is, the mud never gets dry, and it's hard to get a good polish on a wet boot."

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Thomas my mother calls me. The boys call me Tom."

"Thomas, what is your other name?"

"Endicott. Thomas Endicott is the name I go by."

"How old are you, Thomas?"

"I don't know 'xactly, but 'spect I am about twelve. My mother says when I was a little shaver I used to have birthdays, but now she can't afford it."

"You mean, I guess, that when you were small, she used to make you birthday presents, but now she is not able to do it?"

"Yes, sir; I suppose that is it. The other foot, sir, if you please. Does that one suit you?"

"Yes, quite well. Do you live near here?"

"Yes, sir. I live down in the Place, in one of those houses."

"Which house?"

"Do you see that girl leaning against the side of a building?"

"Do you mean that girl with a hump back?"

"Yes, sir. We live on the top floor of the house just where she is standing."

"How many rooms do you have?"

"Two, sir; a kitchen and a bedroom. Mother sleeps in the bedroom; I lie on the floor in the kitchen."

"Who is that girl that is leaning against the house?"

"Her real name is Caroline Mornay, sir. They call her Humpy Dumpy."

"I should think she would feel bad to be called by a name which was probably given her because her back is not like that of other people."

"I don't know, sir; but she never says anything about it. She is quite different from all the other girls in the Place. She says she is only eight years old, and yet she can read first-rate; and then she can sing beautifully, more beautifully than any canary-bird I ever heard."

"Who does she live with?"

"Her grandmother and her father."

"Was she always hump-backed?"

"I don't know for certain, sir; but I have been told that when she was a little baby, her father came home drunk, and was trying to hold her while her mother got supper, and he let her fall and hurt her back. She don't know but she was always so. How does that boot suit you, sir?"

"That will do very nicely."

The gentleman paid the boy for his services, and Thomas thanked him, and said, "Any time, sir, when you want a shine, I should be glad to do it."

As the gentleman was turning to go away, he cast his eye up to the sign on the corner grocery, and said, "Does the man who keeps this store sell liquor?"

"Yes, sir. You can't live hereabouts, or you could know it."

"I don't live in this part of the city. I have often passed up and down Columbia Street, and by the smell which came from the open door I suspected such was the case. I hope, Thomas, you don't drink?"

"No, sir, I don't. I drank some once, and it made mother cry so that I promised I would never do so again. Many boys in the Place, not so old as I am, do drink, and get drunk too."

"Do they get their liquor in this grocery?"

"Yes, sir."

"I should not think the man would sell to such little shavers."

"Little shavers or big make no difference with him, as long as their money holds out."

"You say you don't drink. What do you do with your money?"

"I give it to mother."

"That is right. What does she do with it?"

"She buys clothes and coal, and pays rent."

"You said she took in washing, did you not?"

"No, sir; she goes out to wash and clean house. She can't take in washing, because there is no place to dry the clothes and have them look decent. She has to pay her rent every month, and sometimes it comes hard to raise the money."

"Who owns the house you live in?"

"Old Jo Heminway."

"You should say Mr. Heminway, Thomas."

"That is what most people call him."

"That may be, but you should speak more respectfully of him."

"Some call him 'Old Jo Skinflint.'"

"I hope you never do?"

"I am sometimes tempted to do so when I hear him tell mother that perhaps he shall raise on her rent. They say he is very rich, and yet he is stingy and mean."

"How many houses does he own?"

"They say he owns the whole of them on both sides of the Place, and the corner grocery too."

"Do you know how many people live in Highland Place?"

"No, sir; but all the houses are chock-full."

"The owner must get a large sum every month?"

"I suppose he does. I know I shine a great many boots, and he gets most of what I get."

"Do you go to school?"

"Sometimes I go in winter, but in summer I have to work. In winter, you see, folks wear rubbers and arctics, and I can't get much shining to do. Then I go to school, if I have clothes to wear."

"Do you go to Sunday-school?"

"Sometimes; not often. My mother goes to meeting when she an't too tired, and I go with her when I have clothes. The boys in the Place laugh at me, because they say I am tied to my mother's apron-string. But I tell 'em it is better to be tied to that than to something worse."

"Did you ever go to a mission Sunday-school?"

"No, sir; but I have heard about them downtown. I know a newsboy who goes to one. I guess it does him good, too; for before that he used to sell papers on Sunday, but now he don't do so."

"If a mission-school should be started in this part of the city, do you think you would attend?"

"I don't know, sir; I should do as my mother said. I think Humpy Dumpy would go if she did not have far to go. She can't walk any great distance, because it tires her. Are you one of the mission-school men?"

"I have done something in that line. I have become quite interested in Highland Place, and perhaps may do something about a school in this part of the city. I shall be this way again in a few days. You can talk with your mother about it. You had better speak to Humpty Dumpty, as you call her, about it; for if she is as good a reader as you say she is, she is probably fond of her books. If she sings as sweetly as you say she does, she can help us sing Sunday-school hymns."

"Who shall I tell mother spoke to me about it?"

"My name is Overton. You can say that I spoke about it. If we start a mission-school, I hope that you and the little girl will attend. Do you stay here most of the time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I shall tell my up-town friends that if they want a good shine on their boots, to come to you. Good-by, Thomas."

"Good-by, sir," said Thomas, touching his hat on the place where the rim ought to have been.

No sooner had Mr. Overton left than Thomas Endicott seized his box, and ran down the sidewalk to where Humpty Dumpty was standing. When he reached her, he said: "Humpty, did you

see that man who was talking with me by the corner grocery?"

"Yes. Who is he?"

"His name is Overton. He is a clever man, I guess. I shined his boots for him, and he gave me a quarter. I was going to give him the change back, but he would not take it. I said to myself, You are the man for me."

"That was kind in him; but he talked a long time after you finished the boots. What did he say?"

"Oh! I can't tell you half he said. One thing was about a mission-school."

"Is he going to have one?"

"I don't know. He did not say certainly."

"I wish he would, and that I could go."

"I told him you could read so well and sing so sweetly that I thought you would like to go."

"What made you tell him anything about my reading and singing?" said the girl, blushing.

"It was too bad in you, Tom."

"I didn't tell him anything that is not true."

"What made you tell him anything?"

"'Cause he saw you standing here, and asked about you, and so I told him. You need not feel bad, Humpy, for he is a real good man, I guess.

He said he should be along here again before long, and said I might talk with you about the mission-school. I guess the next time he comes he will come to see you."

"Oh! dear, I almost hope he won't."

"Why?"

"Because you told him about my reading and singing. He will ask me to read and sing, and I shall be so scared that I shall tremble all over."

"Humpty, you are a foolish little thing. If I could sing as well as you can, I should be willing to sing before anybody."

"I an't willing to sing before everybody, because there are some who would think I wanted to show off; and I don't, you know I don't, Tom. I feel real sorry you said anything about it."

"You are not mad at me, are you, puss?"

"No, Tom, I am not mad; but still I am sorry you said anything about me at all."

"How could I help it when the man saw you and asked who you were? I must go now. If any of the boys or girls in the Place say anything saucy to you or hurt you in any way, you let me know, and I will give them a licking."

"Now, Tom, don't talk so; you know you got

into trouble for striking James Mahoney because he talked badly to me."

"I know I had a little fuss with his father about it, but Jim Mahoney has held his tongue about you ever since."


"It is better to forgive them than to fight them."

"I don't ask you to fight, Humpy. You may do the forgiveness, and I will do the fighting."

"Tom, how can you talk so?" said she; but before the words were out of her mouth, Thomas had nearly reached the corner grocery.

The mode in which he proposed to treat wrongdoers has more advocates than the plan proposed by Humpy Dumpy.

CHAPTER III.

“UMPTY, here, take this bottle, and go over to the corner grocery, and get some whiskey.”

Thus spoke Charles Mornay to his daughter, who has already been introduced to the reader.

She was rather slow in starting, and her father addressed her in a sharper tone: “Humpy, do you hear?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Why don’t you start, then?”

Upon this the girl, with great reluctance, took the junk-bottle, and started on her errand. Owing to the weakness in her back, it was not possible for her to move rapidly. Her father grew impatient before her return. When at length she did come back, he reproached her for being so dilatory.

“What made you gone so long?”

“I went as quick as I could, sir.”

“I could have gone there and back six times while you have been gone.”

"Charles," said old Mrs. Mornay, "don't reproach the child. You know she is not able to move rapidly, and you know, too, how she came to be such a cripple."

"Now, mother, I wish you would stop. You think this child is the very pink of perfection, and always take her part against me. You seem to take great delight in alluding to the cause of her weakness. It is true that when she was a babe she slipped out of my arms and hurt her, and as long as her mother lived she was disposed to reproach me for it. And now that she has died, you take her place in continuing the same kind of talk, and I am tired of hearing it. I wish you had thought as much of any one of your children as you do of this grandchild. You are just like all the other old ladies. You scold your children and pet your grandchildren."

While indulging in this strain of remark, he had taken a drink of the liquor and seated himself at the table, and commenced eating his supper. When he found his mother made no reply to his remarks, he talked only the louder for a while, and then relapsed into silence till he had finished his meal, when he took his hat and left the house. He passed out of Highland Place into Columbia Street,

and proceeded down-street to an oyster-saloon, where he spent most of his leisure time with boon companions.

As he turned down Columbia Street, Mr. Overton turned the corner on which the grocery stood, and there, sitting on the same box which he commonly occupied, was Thomas Endicott, with whom a few days before he had had a conversation.

"Have a shine, sir?" said Thomas, without scarcely looking in the face of the gentleman.

"I think not to-night, Thomas. Have you done a good business to-day?"

"Yes, sir, tolerably good."

"I am in somewhat of a hurry, but I thought I would drop in to see your mother, and perhaps the little girl you call Humpy Dumpy."

"Mother is away at work. Every Tuesday she goes to Mr. Woodbury's, mayor of the city, to iron; and she never gets home till quite late."

"I am sorry your mother has to work so hard; but I hope she gets good pay for her labor. I presume she does if she works for the mayor."

"As to that I cannot say, sir. I have often heard her say that she would rather work somewhere else; but still she goes every Tuesday."

"If your mother is not at home, I should like to see the little girl."

"I should like to have you, sir. I don't know as she will want to see you."

"Why so?"

"I told her the other day that perhaps you would come to see her, and she said she should be scared to have you come."

"Poh! If that is all, I guess I will go and see her. Which house did you say she lived in?"

"I will go with you, sir."

On reaching the house, Thomas proceeded up the stairs, followed by Mr. Overton. He did not stop to rap, but opened the door, and said :

"Mrs. Mornay, here's a man to see you and Humpy."

Mrs. Mornay stepped to the door and found Mr. Overton, and said, "Will you walk in, sir?" He entered the room ; and, as Thomas was turning to leave, she said :

"Tom, won't you come in too?"

"No, ma'am, I thank you."

When Mr. Overton had taken a seat, he commenced the conversation by saying :

"My name is Overton. Very unexpectedly I made the acquaintance of the boy who came with

me, and I thought I would call a few moments on my way up-town, and make your acquaintance. Some call me a missionary."

"You are very kind, sir. It is very rare that we have any calls, except from those who live in the Place. The large part of these are foreigners."

"Yes, so I understand. How much family have you, Mrs. Mornay?"

"I have buried my husband and four children. I have one son left. I live with him; and his family consists of one little girl—Caroline."

On looking about the room, she found Caroline was not present. The truth was that, as soon as she heard Thomas Endicott's voice announce that a gentleman had called, she mistrusted that it was Mr. Overton; and when her grandmother went to the door to meet him, she slipped into the bedroom.

When Mrs. Mornay found Caroline was not present, she stepped to the door of the bedroom, and said: "Carrie, come out and see the gentleman."

Upon this, though with great reluctance, she appeared, and Mr. Overton said: "This is your granddaughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come here, sis, and see me."

She approached very timidly, and he took her by the hand, and enquired her age.

"I am eight years old."

"And is this your only grandchild, Mrs. Mor-
nay?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have had others, I suppose?"

"My oldest daughter had two children, but they
died early in life. None of my other children mar-
ried."

"So all your children are dead excepting the
son with whom you live?"

"My four daughters are dead. I had two sons.
One of them ran away when he was a boy, and went
to sea. This was about fifteen years ago. I do not
know whether he is living or not. I never expect
to see him again till the 'sea shall give up its
lead.'"

"You must have seen a good deal of trouble in
your day."

"I have, indeed. I hope these trials have been
sanctified to me, sir."

"I trust they have, madam; for sanctified afflic-
tions are a great blessing. God suffers troubles to
come upon us for wise and holy purposes; and if

with the trials comes the grace, they do us a vast amount of good. If it would not be deemed impertinent, I should like to have you relate some of the dealings of God with you. I have learned much of God by learning how he has dealt with this and that one of my acquaintance. If you feel willing, I should be glad to know something of your history."

"I do not often speak of these things, sir, for the reason that I do not often meet any one whom I feel free to talk with. As I have said, my neighbors in the block are mostly foreigners. I am pretty much a stranger in the city. Ministers never call on me. Once in a while a tract-distributor comes in. I have no one to speak to, excepting Mrs. Endicott, who lives on the floor above, the mother of the boy who came with you. If, however, you can spare a few moments, I can give in a few words a history of my life."

"Please go on, madam."

"I was born and brought up and married in the town of B——, N. H. After my marriage, Mr. Mornay bought a small farm, and, by hard work and strict economy, we lived quite comfortably. My children were all born in that place, and there four of them are buried. I think the loss of the

children had a sad effect upon my husband. He was very much unreconciled to these afflictions. God took away one, and he murmured; and because he rebelled, God took away another, and still another. Then my oldest daughter married very much against his wishes. We had then at home only the two boys. One was seventeen and the other eleven years old. I do not know how to describe the state of my husband's mind. He seemed to be mad at God because he had taken three children away from him, and was offended at the older daughter because she had married against his wishes."

"It must have been very uncomfortable for you."

"It was so indeed, sir. I had to bear my griefs in silence. If I alluded to the deaths of my children in his presence, he was angry. He was no less so if I visited my married daughter. I told him, however, that as long as she lived and I lived, I meant to visit her. If she had married against his wishes, she was my daughter still. My eldest son, then about seventeen years old, was a favorite brother of this married daughter. He liked to go here, but his father forbade him; and when he found he could take no comfort at home, he listened

to the invitation of an acquaintance, and went to Portland and shipped as a sailor. My daughter had a child, and, when it was a few months old, it died. When the messenger came and told us of the death of the babe, my husband said, 'I am glad the brat is dead.' I said to him, 'Husband, how can you talk so?' He said, 'I am glad others have trouble as well as I. I hope, if Mary ever has any more children, they will all die as young as this one has.'"

"It seems strange," said Mr. Overton, "that the afflictions of his daughter had such an effect upon him."

"Yes, sir, it is strange ; but such was the fact. I could not persuade him to attend the funeral. He said he never saw the child alive, and did not care to see it dead."

"How long did he continue in this state of mind?"

"Quite a long time. At length my daughter buried another child, and soon after died herself. Just previous to this, my husband was attacked with severe illness, and during this illness a change came over him which can be attributed to nothing but the grace of God. He became a new man. From this time he reproached himself for his re-

bellious thoughts towards God. He told me that if ever our son George should return, to say that he was truly sorry that he made his home so uncomfortable. From his sick-bed he sent his forgiveness to our daughter lying ill."

"It must have been quite a relief to you to see this great change in him."

"You may well say that. I have sometimes thought he must have been deranged to talk and act as he did. I certainly should have supposed so, if he had not been perfectly sane on every other point. Madness was in his heart in respect to the death of his three children and the marriage of the other."

"Did your younger son remain at home during all this time?"

"No, sir. He did not like farming, and his father got him a situation in Portland to learn the coach-making trade."

"You were left alone with your husband, then?"

"Yes, sir. He was sick a long time. His disease baffled the skill of our family physician, and we had a council of doctors time after time. Nothing seemed to reach his case. He died easily at last. His pains left him, and his mind was clear, and his end perfectly peaceful."

"Did you remain on the old homestead?"

"Not a great while. The debts contracted during my husband's illness were so large that the farm had to be sold. There was but little left. My son about that time married, and came to this place, and has worked in a car-shop ever since."

"Mrs. Mornay, I know it is a delicate question, but I should like to know whether your son is a temperate man."

Before answering this question, Mrs. Mornay turned to Caroline, and said: "Carrie, you may go up and see if Mrs. Endicott has got home."

When the child had left the room, she said: "The deformity of that child was occasioned by the intemperance of her father. He is my son, all I have left, and I am sorry to say that he drinks, often to excess. He earns good wages, but spends the most of his money for liquor. While his wife lived, she had a good influence over him, but even she could not restrain him from occasional intemperance. I try to stand between him and his child, for I can at times see a disposition strongly resembling his father's. The crippled child is a constant reminder of his former evil conduct, and I have sometimes been afraid that in a drunken fit he would lay violent hands upon her."

"You have had a sad and checkered life, Mrs. Mornay."

"I have indeed, sir; and had not this poor heart of mine been sustained by the grace of God, it would have been broken a thousand times."

"You have my sympathy in your trials. My sympathy, however, is of but little consequence compared with that of the great High-Priest, who was tempted in all points like as we are, and yet without sin."

He continued: "I wish to enquire about the boy who came in with me. Thomas Endicott I think his name is."

"Yes, sir. Well, sir, Thomas is a good boy in the main. He is very kind to his mother. He spends no money foolishly. He is rather rough sometimes towards the other boys in the Place. For some reason he is disposed to take the part of Carrie if she gets into trouble with the other children. He seems determined she shall not be abused if his tongue or his two fists can prevent it. I don't know but I am prone to overlook some of his faults, because he is so kind to us."

"When I came in, I thought of speaking to you about a mission-school; but the time has passed away so rapidly that it is too late to enter upon a

discussion of the subject. I shall call again when our plans are more matured."

"I should be happy to see you at any time, sir."

"I thank you, madam. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir."

We have now fairly introduced Humpy Dumpy to our readers. They can see what influences were operating upon her from day to day. They can estimate what the natural effects of these influences must be upon a shy, sensitive child, and the kind of character they would produce.

CHAPTER IV.



AFTER leaving the home of Mr. Mornay, Mr. Overton proceeded to his residence, and, after refreshing himself with a cup of tea, he proposed to his wife to call on Mrs. Marshall, a widow lady of large means and a liberal heart. It was Mrs. Marshall's carriage that caught the eye of Thomas Endicott, as related in a former chapter, and called forth the remark that she belonged to the "stocracy." Mrs. Marshall did belong to the aristocracy of the city. She was exceedingly lady-like in her manners. She was not so aristocratic as to scorn the society of any because they were poor. It was the aristocracy of worth, and not of wealth, that she belonged to. Wealthy herself, she did not look upon its possession as a necessary passport to her society. Not a week passed without her welcoming to her table persons who, because they were not wealthy and given to dress, and able to give splendid entertainments, were excluded from so-called fashionable

society, and from intercourse with those who prided themselves on being the aristocracy of the place.

From Mr. Overton's to her house in Howard Avenue was only the distance of a few blocks. Mr. and Mrs. Overton were cordially received. They were acquaintances of long standing, and, though Mrs. Marshall knew they were not as wealthy as many of their neighbors, she had found in them traits of character which she highly esteemed. She knew them to be persons in whose hearts had been kindled the love of Christ, and that they had a strong desire to do good in the world, and were ready for every good word and work. Such persons she felt belonged to God's nobility, and she prized their society.

Mr. Overton had not been seated long before he commenced an account of his visits in Highland Place. He told Mrs. Marshall of Thomas Endicott, and of Humpy Dumpy, and of her grandmother, Mrs. Mornay. He spoke of the manner of his introduction through the means of Thomas, the boot-black, and mentioned the character of the population as communicated by his young friend. He then added that it seemed very desirable to start a mission Sunday-school in that vicinity.

"Where is this Highland Place?" asked Mrs. Marshall.

"Do you remember old Dr. Heminway?"

"No, I don't remember him. I have heard my rents speak of him as their family physician, but died before my remembrance."

"Highland Place occupies what was once his garden. I understand the property all belongs to Joseph Heminway, a son of the old doctor. I have no acquaintance with him, but have occasionally seen him."

"I have seen him often," said Mrs. Marshall. "He has the reputation of being rather a grasping landlord. One or two persons to whom our Benevolent Society affords assistance are tenants of his. Remember, now that you have mentioned it, seeing the name Highland Place as I have passed up and down Columbia Street."

"Do you think it practicable to start a mission-school in that part of the town?" she asked Mr. Norton.

"I hardly know what to say," he replied. "I have not explored the ground very fully—not so fully as I intend to. With only one family in Highland Place have I formed any acquaintance, except Thomas Endicott. I think he would attend,

and there is but little doubt that Caroline Mornay, the hump-back girl, would also become a member. I cannot positively promise, however, that either of them would without seeing the mother of the boy and father of the girl. I will endeavor to see them before long."

"I am willing to contribute towards the rent of a room, if, after looking over the ground, you think it best to start a school. I may not be able to enroll my name as one of the teachers, but I presume the younger members of the church will cheerfully do this work."

While Mrs. Marshall was speaking, her brother, James Lambertson, entered the room, and said, "Good-evening, sister. Good-evening, Mr. Overton. Good-evening, Mrs. Overton."

They returned his salutations. He then said, "I judge, sister, by what I overheard as I entered the room, that you have had another attack of mission-school on the brain."

"Yes, a slight attack. You don't object, I hope?"

"I cannot say that I positively object ; for if one has money to spend, they may as well throw it away in this way as in any other. It is a harmless amusement, I presume."

"Brother James Lambertson, why do you talk this way?"

"Because I think as I talk. Who ever heard any good done by these schools?"

"I have," said Mrs. Marshall.

"I have," said Mr. Overton.

"I have," said Mrs. Overton.

"You see, brother, here are three against one. My impression is that you would see some evidence of the good done by these schools, if you would only open your eyes."

"Open my eyes? What do you mean?"

"I mean this. You know my coachman, Tom?"

"Yes, but what has that to do with mission-schools, only that he gets up the carriage to take me to visit one occasionally?"

"Tom is now a temperate, Christian man. He was not when he was far otherwise. He drove a coach, and was one of the best reinsmen in the city, but his employer discharged him for intemperance. At that time his children were in a mission-school, and they persuaded him to attend preaching services. He soon saw himself a sinner, and repented, and became a new man, and since that time has been an exemplary Christian. I heard of him, and

took him into my employ ; and a more faithful man I do not expect to find."

"Yes, Tom is a good fellow in his way, a very good fellow ; but he might have become just as good without the mission-school as with it."

"True enough. The Sovereign of the universe has all means at his control, and he can cause this or that to prosper as it pleases him. His case, however, shows that God blesses mission-schools."

"I admit that. But would he not have been just as apt to have been converted in any other church as in a mission-chapel?"

"Yes, if he could have been induced to attend. The trouble is that he could not have been induced to enter such a church as ours. He was poor, and a drunkard in the bargain, and he would not have felt that he had any place with us. At the mission-chapel the seats are free, and the poor and the out-cast can be persuaded to attend, when they would not attend one of the regular city churches."

Mr. Overton then said : "Similar instances have come under my own observation. The way to the parent's heart lies through the children. If the thousands of children in this wicked city could be brought under religious instruction, there can be no doubt that they would in many instances influ-

re their parents favorably. I know you feel a
sire that as many as possible should be reached
the Gospel."

"Certainly I do. Our churches are not half full
w, nor are the Sunday-schools crowded; and it
ems to me that the better course would be to fill
these first, and then start other enterprises of a
nilar character."

"I do not look at it in that light," said Mr.
verton. "These mission-schools often become
urches; thus centres of influence are started,
d the influence extends in all directions. You
ould not think it wise for men in a new country
settle in villages, but that each man should
ish into the wilderness and clear up a farm for
mself, and let the clearings gradually extend and
eet each other. There are portions of the city
iere not ten in a hundred attend church; but if
ere was a school in their midst, and preaching
rvices connected with it, a large percentage of
e population might be gathered in."

"I don't know but you are right; and if you and
y sister think it wise to commence another school,
uppose I shall have to help along some. The
t is, Mr. Overton, this sister of mine is a dear sis-
to me, but I think she gets some queer crotchets

into her head. She has such singular ways of spending her money that at times I hardly know what to make of her. She is president of I know not how many societies, and she swings round the circle from one to another. In fact, she is so busy at this kind of work that I scarcely ever see her at my house."

"By the way, Mr. Overton, where do you think of starting a school? Or, to use your own expression, in what part of the wilderness do you think of commencing a clearing?"

"Somewhere in the neighborhood of Highland Place."

"That is a hard neighborhood, I judge, by what I have heard."

"Yes, it certainly has that reputation. Still, I hope good would be done even there, if a school could be commenced under favorable auspices."

"Mr. Heminway owns considerable property thereabouts, I believe."

"Yes."

"Well, he ought to do something towards the rent of a building."

"That is so; but from what I have heard of him I do not think he will do anything for the cause

He loves money ; and the love of money, if very strong, eats all the good out of a man."

"True enough. I don't think, however, that my sister is in any danger of having the good in her destroyed by this cause. Do you?"

"Now, brother, don't talk so. To be sure, I spend a good deal of money ; but I enjoy spending it when I think I can do good with it."

"Mr. Overton, you must be acquainted with Mr. Edwards, who has a car-shop down in the neighborhood of Highland Place."

"Yes."

"I think, perhaps, he would do something towards starting a mission-school. I would advise you to see him."

"I will do so to-morrow."

Upon this they took their leave.

Mr. Overton felt easy now respecting the pecuniary part of the undertaking.

While these friends are finding their way to their homes, we will look in at the corner grocery for a few moments.

Behind the counter stands Mr. Thomas Williams, ready to wait upon customers, while on chairs and nail-kegs and boxes are seated some half-dozen men, engaged in smoking and drinking. Nearly

all of them reside in the Place. Some of them are quite the worse for liquor, while others seem comparatively sober. While they are engaged in talking, a little ragged girl steps within the door, and timidly approaches the counter, and asks for a loaf of bread.

"Where is your money?" said Mr. Williams.

"And sure, sir, I haven't got any."

"Haven't got any? Then you can't have bread."

"Do let me have a loaf, sir, for we have nothing to eat. Mother will surely pay ye for it."

"I don't know about that. She has run up quite a score here now."

"And sure, sir, it took all her money to pay her rint, and the first money she gets she'll pay you."

"Well, take a loaf, but you must not expect to get any more till the old score is paid off."

The bread was delivered to the girl, and she hastened away from the store, while the grocer charged the same to the account of Bridget Fitzwilliam.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam was an Irishwoman who lived in Highland Place. She was a native of the North of Ireland, and a Protestant. She was not very popular with the others of her nation who resided

in the Place, because she was of a different religion. Her husband had been killed while shovelling in a gravel-bank on a railroad, and she had been left with three small children in great destitution. The oldest of these children was Norah, who had purchased the loaf of bread. This family occupied a part of the house adjoining that where Mr. Mornay and Mrs. Endicott resided. Mrs. Fitzwilliam supported herself and children by going out to wash and iron and clean; and even when work was plenty, it was no easy matter to feed and clothe them; and when work was slack, she had great difficulty in paying her rent and in feeding herself and children. As for clothes, the ragged dress of her Norah was on a par with the dresses of the other children, and it was evident that the family were in straitened circumstances.

CHAPTER V.



THE next morning Humpy Dumpy was standing on the sidewalk, leaning against the brick wall of the house. She had not been there many minutes, when Thomas Endicott came running down the stairs, with blacking and shoebrushes in hand, and, as he was passing the little girl, he saw that she was unusually pale, and apparently distressed.

"How now, Humpy, are you sick this morning?"

"No, I am not sick, but I am tired."

"What tired you more than usual?"

"I don't want to tell."

"Why not? I will not say anything about it if you don't want me to."

"Come up here, Tommy, close to me, and I will tell you."

So Thomas approached her, and she said, almost in a whisper, "I am tired because I had to go to the grocery last night."

"Who sent you?"

"Father. He came home from work, and handed

a bottle, and told me to go to the corner
ery and get him some liquor. He spoke up so
that it made my heart beat real hard; and
he told me to hurry up, I went just as fast as
I could. When I got there, I had to wait for
customers to be served, and, as I knew father
impatient, I went back very fast; and though
my very best, I got a real scolding."

What was your father's special hurry?"

[don't know. He wanted to go some-
e."

Where?"

[don't know. He goes off every night as soon
e eats his supper, and don't get back till I am
."

[am really sorry for you, Humpy. I know it
tire you to walk fast, and must put you all in
tter to be hurried. I wish you were as strong
am, and then you could go to the grocery and
before your father would know you had
ed."

[am willing, Tommy, to do anything for
r except go to the grocery for liquor. If he
sent me for anything else, I don't think it
d have tired me half so much. And then, I
ery sorry to have father drink. It makes him

cross. He scolds grandma, and he scolds me. It makes me feel bad to hear him talk so to her."

"I see, Humpy, what makes you look so pale. It is the heartache. I 'spect mother has that, too. To be sure, she has no one to scold her; but when she is at home, she looks all the time as if she was going to cry."

"Yes, Tommy, I know your mother feels sad. Last night, after I got to bed, and I guess you were abed too, she came into our room, and had a long talk with grandma. I felt so bad when I got in bed, and, as you say, my heart ached so, that I could not get asleep, and I heard them talk for a long time. I could not understand much they said; but from what I did hear, I thought they were talking about something that troubled your mother very much."

"I must have been abed and asleep. I know something gives my mother a great deal of trouble, and I have asked her to tell me; but she says, 'No, not now. Some time, Tommy, you'll know all about it.' This is all I can get out of her. Old folks like her and your grandma had rather talk to one another about such things than to talk to us children. I know one thing: if I could do anything to make my mother feel happy, I would; but

When I don't know what is the matter, I can't do anything to help her. I don't think it is anything that is taking place now that troubles her."

"No, I guess not. I heard her mention your name, and say that something took place when you was a baby, and then she lowered her voice, and I could not hear anything."

"Do you think, Humpy, that your father drinks more than he did?"

"Oh! yes, a good deal. I have to go to the grocery a great deal oftener than I did. Last year he used to drink but little, but now he drinks every time he comes into the house. He used to spend his evenings at home, and he would sometimes take me on his lap and tell me a story. Now he is never home in the evening. He is gone every evening, both Sundays and week-days. Grandma don't say anything to me about it, but she feels bad; I know she does. I guess she has the heartache as bad as I do, but she is bigger than I am, and stronger, and can bear her troubles better than I can."

"Yes, I suppose so. I think the reason she does not talk more to you is the same that my mother is. She does not wish to make you unhappy any more than my mother does me. They do not think we can help them any. I believe, however, that if

mother would not be so very silent to me about her troubles, she would feel better."

"I think so too. If we can't remove troubles, we can help bear them. I know you can't stop father's drinking and being out nights, but still, when I talk to you and tell you how bad I feel, I always feel happier for it, because I think you feel for me."

"That is so. I do feel for you. You know, Humpty, I would do anything I could for you. I don't see as there is anything I can do, only to tell you I am sorry for your troubles."

"I sometimes think, Tommy, I ought not to tell things to you out of the family. I don't think I should now but for two things. One is that I think grandma has told your mother all about her troubles. Another is that there is no one in the Place that I feel acquainted with except you. You know that the other children don't want anything to do with me, except to quarrel with me, and I say as little to them as I can."

"That is right, Humpty. I would not say anything to them. If they talk saucy to you, let me know, and I will attend to them. I must go now, Humpty. Cheer up, you'll see better times yet."

"I don't know. It does not seem so to me."

‘I know you are easily discouraged, but keep up good heart.’

‘I can’t, Tommy, when my heart aches all the while. But I must not hinder you.’

Upon this Thomas started for his old stand on the corner of Columbia Street. As he reached the corner, a gentleman came along, whom the reader will recognize as Mr. Lambertson, the brother of Mrs. Marshall, whose interview with Mr. Overton has been mentioned in a previous chapter.

‘Have a shine, sir?’ said Thomas.

‘Yes, my lad.’

Thomas worked away lustily, and, after he had polished one boot, he said, ‘Will that do, sir?’

‘Yes, that looks very well indeed. You have a good polish on that. You must understand our business.’

‘The blacking is first-rate, sir; and then, my father has always taught me to do well whatever I undertake.’

‘Your mother is right, my lad. Whatever you do well. A boy that can black a boot as it ought to be blacked is only preparing the way to something else in a thorough manner. You’ve got a good mother, I guess.’

‘Yes, sir, she is good to me.’

"Have you a father?"

"No, sir. He died a long time ago. I can scarcely remember him."

"Be kind to your mother. I know persons who have no mothers, and they think often that they said unkind words to them while they were living. Do you live hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir. I live here in Highland Place."

"Highland Place? So this is Highland Place. I have heard of it. A pretty hard place, I should think."

"I suppose it is, sir. There is a great deal of drinking here, sir. There is a constant stream of liquor going out from this grocery. Men and women and children drink."

"Do you drink, my lad?"

"No, sir. Mother has told me not to drink. I don't know how it tastes, and don't care to know."

"That is right. If you don't drink the first glass, you will never be a drunkard. A great many boys of your age think it looks very manly to step up to a bar, and call for a glass of liquor, and drink it. They think there is no danger in doing it; but the danger is very great. They very soon acquire a taste for it, and then they cannot easily leave it off,"

By this time Thomas had finished polishing the second boot, and arisen from his knees. Mr. Ambertson seemed to be talking to himself, as he said, "Highland Place? This must be the place that friend Overton mentioned."

"Did you enquire after Mr. Overton, sir? He lives somewhere up-town. You can find a directory inside, sir."

"You know Mr. Overton, do you?"

"I know one Mr. Overton, sir. I have shined his boots for him. It may not be the one you mean. He is rather a short, thick-set man, with whiskers partly gray."

"He must be the same man. What is your name?"

"Thomas Endicott, sir."

"He is the man and you are the boy I have heard him mention."

"I hope he did not say anything bad of me, is that so?"

"Oh! no. He mentioned your name in connection with a mission-school."

"Is he going to start one, sir?"

"I do not know certainly. He is thinking about it. Do you think many would attend?"

"I do not know, sir. I know of some who

would probably go who live in the Place. Around in Sullivan and Greene Streets are a large number that might be gathered in."

"Do you see Mr. Overton often?"

"Almost every morning, sir; that is, when he walks down-town. He often comes around the corner to get out of the crowd and rest a moment."

"Well, when you see him, you may tell him that you have seen me—my name is Lambertson—and that I say, 'Yes, by all means.' He will know what it means. You will not forget the name—Lambertson?"

"No, sir. I will keep on the lookout for him."

Mr. Lambertson hailed a street-car, and got in, and went on down-town.

Thomas soon found another customer, and was working away at his boots lustily, when he saw a pair of boots standing beside him. He knew that inside these boots stood Mr. Overton. Thomas had an observing eye for boots. If he saw a man, the first thing he noticed was the boots. So he kept on brushing at the customer's boots, and, without looking up, he said, "Mr. Overton, a gentleman was along here awhile ago, and I shined his boots for him. His name is Lambertson. He said

hat if I saw you, I must tell you that he said, Yes, by all means.’”

To this Mr. Overton made no reply for a moment. The communication pleased him, however, because he was now assured that Mr. Lambertson would cordially assist in the proposed plan of establishing a mission-school. It will be remembered that on the previous evening he had expressed doubts respecting the desirableness of the undertaking, but now he had become satisfied.

He then said, “I thank you, Thomas,” and was about leaving.

Thomas, however, as soon as he had finished the boots he was blacking, set his box between Mr. Overton’s feet, and said, “I owe you a shine, Mr. Overton, and will pay it now.” As soon as one of the boots was on the box, the brushes began to move in the most lively manner, and the work was soon completed.

“I am glad, Thomas, you go on the principle of paying your honest debts. Some say ‘honesty is the best policy’; but if men were actuated by mere policy, it might be policy sometimes not to be honest. One thing is certain—honesty is *right*. Every man and every boy ought to do right; and if each were to do so, there would be no cheating

in the world. Be an honest boy, Thomas, and you will probably be an honest man."

Mr. Overton then pursued his way down-town. In the course of the day he went to see Mr. Edwards, the owner of the car-shop where Charles Mornay, the father of Humpy Dumpy, was employed. He found him ready to take a share in the enterprise, and quite sanguine that good results would follow the undertaking.

Mr. Edwards said he would make enquiries in the neighboring streets for some place suitable for a school-room, and would communicate with Mr. Overton in case he found a room that would answer the purpose.


Here the matter was left for the present. Mr. Overton went up-town that night quite sanguine in respect to a school. To his mind, it was already in successful operation, and his face gleamed with joy as he thought of the good which would be done by its establishment.

Some in the car, as they watched the play of his features, probably thought he had made a successful speculation in gold or in real estate.

How many there are that think the only thing that can give satisfaction to a middle-aged man is an increase of property ! How few realize that to a

y pious person the progress of Christ's king-
d is better than gold—yea, than much fine
l!

CHAPTER VI.

N a former chapter a person has been mentioned who is so closely linked with the principal characters in our story, that it seems desirable to refer to him more particularly. It will be recollected that Mrs. Mornay, the grandmother of Humpy Dumpy, in giving a history of her troubles to Mr. Overton, stated that she had a son who, by his father's harshness, was driven away from home, and that he went to Portland, and there shipped as a common sailor. This was the last she had seen of him. Whether living or dead she did not know. He left home at an age when he was peculiarly subject to the power of temptation, and liable to be drawn away by evil influences. When he presented himself on the dock in Portland, he was anxious to get employment. He had but a small amount of money. He found a vessel just about to weigh anchor, and saw Captain Stark talking with the mate. He was enquiring after one of the

noticed by a sailor, some forty years of age, whose name was Alexander McKim, but was known on board as Aleck. He approached George, and said : "Shipmate, I know how you feel. I well remember how I felt the first time I was on board of a vessel. I ran away from Glasgow, and went down to Greenock, determined to see the world. I have seen it ; that is, I have seen that part of it which common sailors see. You will soon feel better. You will be sick for a few days, and wish yourself at home, to be cared for by your mother ; but when you get over that, you'll be as blithe as a lark. Come down the hatchway with me. I will see if I can't rig you up a little more ship-shape. You want a jacket on instead of that coat. I am sure of one thing : mine are all short enough for a strapping fellow of your size." They went down into the forecabin, and the smell of the tar and of the bilge-water, together with the close and confined air of the small place where the sailors had their berths, made George terribly sick. He showed it in his countenance ; and without waiting for a roundabout, he rushed on deck again, and, after vomiting, laid down near the capstan and closed his eyes. He had been lying there but a few moments, when Captain Stark came along and

said : " Aleck, has our land-lubber gone under ? "

" Ay, ay, sir, for a little. I hope, sir, he will not be sick all over at one time, for there is so much of him that it would take the whole crew to tend him. "

" He'll soon be better. You can see to him. Perhaps you had better go to the cook's galley and get a little warm water for him. This will moisten him up, and he will vomit all the more freely. "

By this time George had grown so sick that he became indifferent with respect to the mode of treatment. After he had drunk the warm water, and his stomach was relieved, Aleck helped him below, and got him into a berth, and told the other sailors that he would take a double watch, and let him lie till he felt better. This was very kind of Aleck, for it would have been very hard for George to have turned out at twelve o'clock that night, and had his watch till four in the morning.

He became exhausted by constant retching, and at length fell asleep. In the morning, Aleck brought him a cup of hot coffee, without sugar or milk, and this quieted his stomach, so that he felt quite well, except he was weak. He got on deck,

and found a seat on a coil of rope near the capstan. Aleck came and sat beside him.

George, for the first time, enquired whither the vessel was bound.

"We are bound for New Orleans," said Aleck.

"New Orleans? That is a great way off."

"Yes, for one not used to be from home. That is nothing, however, to being here from Scotland."

"True enough. If I get sick of sailing, I can get back by land."

"Then you did not ship for the voyage out and back?"

"There was nothing said. I wanted employment. The captain wanted a hand, and here I am. My poor mother and sister would gladly know where I am, but I can't send them word."

"You speak of your mother and sister. Have you no father?"

"There is a man who calls me his son, and I suppose he is my father; but he treated me so harshly that I could not bear to stay with him, so I cleared out."

"You can write a letter, and have it ready, so that as soon as we make a port you can put it in the post-office, and then they will know all about you."

George Mornay wrote a letter full of affection to his mother, and added a long postscript to his sister. As soon as the vessel reached New Orleans, he handed the letter to a 'longshoreman, who said he would drop it in the post-office. In the letter he requested his mother to write, and direct her letter to Portland. The 'longshoreman put the letter in his pocket; but before he reached home, the letter was lost. He ought to have informed George of his carelessness in losing it, and then he could have written again while in port.

When the vessel returned again to Portland, he went with Aleck to a sailor boarding-house. He was passing the post-office, and enquired for a letter, but there was none for him. He said to Aleck: "I did think I would take a trip up home, and see the old lady and my sister; but if they don't care enough for me to write to me, I shall not trouble myself to go home and see them. I shall not write, either. I wrote last. It is their turn now."

Thus it was that the carelessness of the 'longshoreman in losing a letter, and his want of frankness in confessing that he had done so, laid a train which resulted in a growing indifference to home and to a gradual estrangement of affection to

wards those he had warmly loved. He inferred from their not writing that the father, who was a perfect tyrant in his family, had either got hold of the letter and destroyed it, or that he had forbidden the mother to answer it, or that he had induced them to take sides with him in condemning him for leaving home. Neither horn of the dilemma was pleasing to contemplate, and so he dismissed the subject from his mind as far as possible.

Aleck—to whom he had become strongly attached on account of his kindness when he first went on board the vessel—and he were constantly together, though there was so great a disparity in their ages. Aleck always stood by him on board the ship, and, in the little differences of opinion which frequently arose among the sailors, generally took his part. In many respects, he was a valuable friend. True, he was not a religious man, and was sometimes profane, and was also in the habit of using intoxicating drinks to some extent; still, he was every inch a sailor. He knew the vices to which sailors are prone; and he advised George to shun them. He counselled him to supply himself with books, and to improve his leisure in study. He even spoke to the mate, and told him that

"Long George," as the tall sailor boy was called, had more mind than the common run of sailors, and desired him to give him instruction in navigation. On the voyage home, he loaned him books and heard his recitations. Aleck himself had some knowledge of these things, but was not competent to teach.

Time would fail to give a full history of his voyages, or to speak of the various events which were continually taking place in his career. That in the course of time he ceased to become a common sailor and became an officer of a ship the reader will be ready to believe. That his advancement led him to cast off his friend Aleck no one will think who knows anything of the workings of his mind or the ardor of his affection.

In the course of years, he became the captain of a merchantman, and Alexander McKim was his first mate. True, he was young to assume such a responsibility, but his commanding presence, and his knowledge of books as well as of men and things, all conspired to give the owners confidence in him. His first voyage in command of a vessel was to the Sandwich Islands. While his vessel was lying in port, who should come on board but the Rev. S. C. Damon, the preacher to seamen.

invited him and his crew to attend the services at the Seamen's Chapel. He promised to attend. He fulfilled his promise, and he and his mate, Jim, went arm-in-arm to the house of God. It might be confessed that, when in his own country, he had been very indifferent in respect to religious services, and had not attended upon the services of the sanctuary. Now he went as much from curiosity as from any other motive. He had heard a great deal about the wonderful change which had been wrought in the Sandwich Islands. What was his astonishment, on leaving the dock at Honolulu, and going upon the streets, to find Sunday universally observed, and a silence prevailing which surpassed that of any port in the United States which he had ever visited. He saw no more officers walking their beats. He saw scarcely any of the natives, except such as were on their way to the house of God. All that disturbed the quiet of that Honolulu Sunday was the noise made by a few sailors who had been drinking, and were in quest of some place of amusement. He entered the church, followed by several of his crew. He found a large congregation assembled. The circumstances were all such as tended to impress truth upon his mind. Though thousands of miles from home, there lay upon the desk

just such a Bible as he had seen on the pulpit in his native place. It chanced, too, that the hymn given out was one he had often heard read, and the tune sung was a favorite one of his mother's, and which he had heard her hum while about her work. Nor was this all. The text announced was one on which his own minister preached years before, when he was on the eve of leaving home. These things recalled vividly to his mind home scenes. Had he actually seen the old neighbors and his own family there, he would have been but little surprised. Strange to say, in the very next pew to him was the mate who first invited him on board a ship, who was there as captain of a vessel. The text at first was surrounded with old associations, but gradually his mind ceased to think on these things, and to become interested in the present. When the preacher began to unfold the truths it contained, and to apply them, Captain Mornay felt that these truths had a bearing upon him, and he began then and there to think on his ways. As he and his mate were pursuing their way to the dock where his vessel was moored, he said: "Aleck, that preaching came pretty close home. I think it is time for me to take a new course. I shall go to the reading-room to-morrow night, and shall sign the temperance pledge."

"But, captain, you don't think all the sin in the world consists in drinking?"

"By no means, Aleck. I think, however, that if men will let drink alone, they will be kept from many things which they do when under the influence of liquor."

"Yet, captain, there is no particular use in signing a pledge. If you are determined not to drink, that is enough."

"No, I think not. In my case, the pledge might not be necessary; but there are many who can be kept in no other way, and I think it my duty to set them an example they can follow. You know how it was with Captain Stark; he urged those in the fore-castle not to drink, when we well knew that in the cabin were all kinds of liquors as stores."

"Yes, I know that. It is but now and then that I drink; and if you are determined to knock off grog, I will go with you in this thing. To-morrow night, you say. Well, to-morrow night it shall be."

"How strange, Aleck, that you should come from Scotland and I from the United States to these islands of the sea, and here begin to change our course of life! I know I am a great sinner. I

never felt it more vividly than this very afternoon. Here is an opportunity to see the influence of religion. You go among these natives, who but a few years ago were debauched to the last degree, and you find Sunday better observed than in the little town in New Hampshire where I was brought up. I have been informed that the missionaries have made the people rather worse than better, but I am satisfied that is untrue."

On Monday evening, the captain, mate, and several of the hands on board his vessel called at the reading-room in connection with the Bethel Church. They met Mr. Damon there, and, after free conversation, they put their names to the pledge. The preacher earnestly urged them to break away from all sin and consecrate themselves fully to the service of the Lord. Captain Mornay was not ready to pledge himself in this respect at that time, but, as the sequel will show, he carried away from Honolulu seeds of truth in his heart, which afterwards sprang up and bore fruit unto good works—works which evinced the reality of a change in his heart.

CHAPTER VII.

WHILE his vessel was lying at the dock in Honolulu, Captain Mornay heard that there was to be a missionary meeting in the church of Rev. Lowell Smith. meeting he had been informed by Rev. mon, the seamen's chaplain.

He did not understand exactly the nature of the meeting, but he felt a desire to go. On the day that the meeting was to take place, he said to his mate:

"What say you to attending the meeting this evening?"

"Ay, captain. I'll lend a hand for that. What kind of a meeting is it to be?"

"Don't know exactly. But a dull meeting rather than being on shipboard. We'll go and

accordingly changed their clothes, and went themselves at the church door. It was the best building, and yet it was full to over-

flowing. They soon discovered the Rev. Mr. Damon, and got a seat near him.

The exercises were commenced with singing. The words were Hawaiian, but the tune was one often heard in America. Then followed prayer. After the prayer, Mr. Damon explained to them that it was a farewell meeting of those who were to sail in the *Morning Star* (some of my readers, perhaps, own some stock in it), under the captainship of Rev. Hiram Bingham, Jr., for the Marquesas Islands. Some of the missionaries were Americans, and spoke the English language. Several were native Hawaiians, who had been converted through the instrumentality of the missionaries, whose hearts burned with a love to God and souls, and with a desire to do good to those more benighted than themselves. These made addresses in Hawaiian; and while Captain Mornay could not understand their words, he could see the joy on their countenances as they spoke of their readiness to lay themselves upon the altar a willing sacrifice for the good of others.

Captain Mornay had heard from sailors and others that the influence of the missionaries in the Sandwich Islands upon the natives was evil, and he was surprised to learn that through their influ-

ands had been converted, and especially at some of these persons, so recently ere willing to go on a mission to those of miles away, to labor for their conversion was satisfied that if these missionaries instrumental in inspiring them with such d, and with such desires for the good of reports which sea-captains and others ted for the purpose of injuring the reputation of God must be most malicious

er were they on their way to the vessel captain said to his mate :

that was a wonderful meeting. Here d women going off to the Marquesas— in from here to the Golden Gate—to ignorant. They must have more religion e got to enable them to do that."

ay well say that, captain. You can say h, and then not allow them to have any nt. Yes, in fact, you might add mine nd then, probably, one of these natives sail on the *Morning Star* to-morrow e more than both of us."

is it not a reproach to us that we have hristian country, and yet don't know as

much about religion as these people, who have had far less advantages than we?"

"It is, indeed, a shame. I often think that my good mother would be grieved, if she were living, to know that I have lived a more wicked life than many of the heathen."

"You know your mother is dead. I cannot tell whether mine is dead or not. She was a good woman. I know one thing: I know that if she is dead, she prayed for me as long as she lived. If she is living, she is praying still. It is often impressed upon me that she is alive, and that it is in consequence of her prayers that I have been kept from some of the vices common among seamen."

"Were I in your place, captain, when we reach an American port, I should endeavor to learn whether she is living or not."

"I have thought of the same thing. I presume that, if she is alive, she often wonders what has become of me. Then, I am anxious to know what has become of the rest of the family."

The vessel took a part of a cargo at Honolulu, and sailed for San Francisco. The captain found a ready market for all he had on board.

While on the dock, one day, who should come *along* but a man by the name of Hollister. He

one eye which had such a peculiar squint whoever saw him once would always know

Had it not been for this peculiarity, Captain Mornay would not have recognized him. He had known him when a boy; and as he was considerably older than himself, he was always called by the boys, "Old Squint." When the captain was a child, his Mr. Hollister had lived in the village, and he often frequented. Then he always showed his face, while now he wore a full beard. His hair was jet black, now it was gray; while his long, bushy whiskers were almost white. Captain Mornay would have passed him without recognition but for his eye. No sooner did he see this than he sang out:

"Hallo! Old Squint, is that you?"

Mr. Hollister turned and said: "Who are you? I would like to know."

Captain Mornay apologized, and said: "Mr. Hollister, I beg your pardon for calling you Old Squint. When I was a boy, I used to know you, and that was the name you were known by among the boys."

"Yes, I know the boys used to call me Old Squint. The name is well enough for what I am, but I left that behind when I got across the

Isthmus. On the Pacific coast I am known as Mr. Hollister ; and though I say it myself, I have never done anything to disgrace my name."

"I am glad to hear that. I judge, by the manner in which you fix your eyes upon me, you do not know me."

"Well, I don't, that is a fact. Yet I must have seen you years ago, or you would not have called me by the nickname I had in the old Granite State."

"My name is Mornay."

"Mornay ! Mornay ! I have heard that name. Where did you live when you were a boy ?"

"I lived about three miles from the village where you resided."

"You did ? Which way from the village ?"

"Northeast. Do you remember the old Peters farm ?"

"Yes, very well."

"We lived on the adjoining farm."

"Was your father Timothy Mornay ?"

"Yes, sir."

"I remember him very well. He was a strange kind of a man. Some said he got mad with the Almighty because one of his children died."

"He did act strange."

"Are you his son? You don't look like him at the least."

"No, sir; I was always said to resemble my mother."

By this time several questions occurred to Captain Mornay, and he was anxious to ask them. He felt that Mr. Hollister, though for years a resident of California, had seen his friends at home or more recently than himself, and that probably the information he could impart would fill him with sorrow. He was anxious to get all the information he could, and so he asked, "Is my father yet alive?"

"Oh! no; he has been dead a good many years."

"Do you know whether my sisters are alive?"

"No. They are all dead."

"Can you tell me whether mother is living?"

"So far as I know, she is alive; and so is her son Charles."

"Thank God for this good news! Is mother living on the old place?"

"Oh! no. She left that years ago. The last I heard of her she was in one of the cities, and your mother Charles was at work in a car-shop. My wife wrote me that they had left town, and she told where they went to, but I am sorry to say

that I have forgotten the name of the place. You father had but two boys, I think. You must be the youngster that ran away and went to sea?

"Yes, sir; I am the same person."

"Have you followed the sea all this time?"

"Yes, sir. I have been in port but a small portion of the time."

"You like it, then, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, very much."

"I take it you are an officer on some vessel?"

"Yes, sir. I command the *Inez*, which is in the dock."

"I am glad you have succeeded, George. I think your name is George? It is so natural to call those whom we have known as boys by the Christian names."

"Yes, sir, my name is George; and it brings back old times to be called by that name." He added, "I hope you have succeeded, Mr. Hollister in making your pile?"

"Well, I have got some money. In the place in New Hampshire I should be called wealthy; but so many here in 'Frisco are so much richer than I am that I am not called rich."

"It is natural for every one to measure himself by others."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Do you expect to remain in California?"

"No. I am homesick, and am making my arrangements to leave as soon as I can. I long to see my wife and children."

"That is natural. I long to see my mother; and as soon as I get back to the Atlantic coast, I mean to find her, if she is living."

"Well, your best course will be to go back to the old place in New Hampshire. If no one else can tell you where your mother removed to, my wife can. She has a wonderful memory. I presume she knows how old you are about as well as you do. I could not guess within ten years. I venture to say she can tell the year you were born. How long are you to be in town?"

"About ten days."

"Well, drop in and see me. My office is just around the corner."

"I thank you. I will call."

"By the way, I shall write to my wife that I have seen you."

"I hope you will. Your letter will go across the Isthmus, and will reach the States long before I shall. I have got to go to Callao, and take in a

cargo of hides. After I leave there, it is a long way around the Horn."

"Well, drop in when you can. I shall be glad to see you at any time. Don't forget to call on my wife when you go up to the old place."

"You need have no fear of that, Mr. Hollister. Good-day, sir."

"Good-day, George."

We have not related all the conversation which took place between them, because it would have occasioned a repetition of what has been stated in a previous chapter.

Captain Mornay had frequent interviews with Mr. Hollister. From enquiry, he learned that he was much respected in the city, and that he was exerting a very good influence.

We will not detail the events of his voyage home, only to say that he took in a cargo of hides, as he intended, and then doubled Cape Horn. He had more rough weather than on his outward voyage. The *Inez* was a staunch vessel, and carried herself nobly in the midst of the storms.

While on the voyage, the captain read much in his Bible. His interviews with Mr. Hollister had brought back to his memory with great vividness the period of his boyhood. One after another the

hortations of his mother came to him. He could see her face again in imagination. The tones of her voice again sounded in his ears. He did more than read his Bible ; he prayed God to forgive his sins. He obtained the assurance that he had answers of peace.

He felt, however, a reluctance to tell his mate all his feelings and all the struggles he was having ; but when he became convinced that his prayers were answered, he could not refrain from speaking to him of the goodness of God, and from urging him to seek the Lord with all his heart. He told him that he meant to have prayers on board every evening. The ship's crew were invited to attend, and, as a general thing, the invitation was accepted. It was not long before one and another of the crew became serious, and, before they entered the port whither they were bound, nearly all of them could testify to the loving kindness of God in pardoning their sins.

All this was brought about in a measure by the conviction made upon his mind at Honolulu that the heathen would rise up in judgment against him for rejecting the Gospel, which they had believed the saving of their souls. He had never before deeply felt the sinfulness of neglecting the Gos-

pel. On the sea, with no instructor but the Bi
and with no human being to guide him, he fo
his way to the blessed Saviour, and at his
learned how freely he can forgive. He fo
him to be the way, the truth, and the life.
felt for the first time he was walking in a patl
safety, and that he had become rooted
grounded in the truth. And now that he
found eternal life, he felt that he had a work
do for others, and he determined to do it hear
as unto the Lord, and not as an eye-servant

CHAPTER VIII.



UMPY, how did you like the mission-school?" said Thomas Endicott.

"Pretty well. How did you like it, Tommy?"

"It was first-rate. I did not suppose Mr. Overn would get so many to attend. I was glad to see them there, and hope they will continue to come."

"I hope so, too; but I hope some of them will make themselves cleaner before they come again."

"You may well say that. There were some boys in my class that looked as though they had not washed for a week. One little fellow had nothing on but a ragged shirt and trousers, and all the time he was in the room he was covered with flies. I whispered to him, and said, 'The flies seem to be very fond of you,' and he said that they might well be fond of him, for the night before he slept in a sugar-hogshead on the dock, and had had nothing to eat that morning except a little sugar that he scraped off from the staves."

Was I not glad that I had a bed to sleep on, Humpy ?”

“ Yes, I guess you were. I guess, too, that you were glad that you were not ragged like some of the boys.”

“ I tell you, Humpy, I have got a good mother. I think it likely the boy that slept in the sugar-hogshead has not got any mother. Perhaps he has one, and she drinks.”

“ Drinks, Tommy ? Do many women drink ?”

“ Yes, lots of them. Many spend all they can get for liquor, and send out their children to beg for cold victuals.”

“ It is bad enough for men to drink, but it seems worse for women than for men.”

“ It is worse for their families, because the children need the care of a mother.”

“ I know it, Tommy. You know father drinks, and sometimes he is cross and ugly. It is not so bad to have him drink as it would be if grandma drank.”

“ No, Humpy, it is not, by a great sight. I don't know what you would do if your grandma got drunk. Then you would have no one to take care of you. By the way, Humpy,” he continued, “ who is your teacher at the mission-school ?”

"Miss Farnham."

"Where does she live?"

"I don't know, but it is somewhere up-town. She said she belonged to Doctor Bosworth's church, and that the ladies of that church had a society, and sewed for poor children; and she told some of the girls in our class to come to her house on Saturday afternoon, and she would give them better clothes, on condition that they would keep coming to the school."

"I wonder if she keeps clothes for boys?"

"I don't know. You don't need any clothes, Tommy. Your clothes are good enough."

"I know that. I don't want them for myself. I wish the sugar-hogshead boy had some. I don't know what his name is, but I guess it must be Sweet Billy."

"So your teacher did not offer him any clothes?"

"No. He said he hoped all the class would be there next Sunday."

"Miss Farnham said the same to us. I liked her ever so much."

"What did she say to you?"

"She said we must be good children, and must love God, and try to keep all his commandments."

Then she told us about the Lord Jesus Christ ; how he came from heaven and died on the cross, that we might live, and, when we die, go to be with him for ever. She talked very much as grandma talks, but somehow it sounded different, because she said it in such a sweet and pleasant way. One little girl wanted to know if heaven was not up in the sky. Miss Farnham said, ' Yes.' ' Well, then,' said the little girl, ' how could Jesus come from heaven to earth ? Did he fly down ? If he had no wings, he would have broken his neck.' "

" What did Miss Farnham say to that ? "

" She told how Jesus was born in Bethlehem—a little place a few miles from Jerusalem,—and about the shepherds who watched their flocks by night, and how the angels came and told them that Jesus was born. She said these flocks of sheep were out to pasture on the hills near Bethlehem, and that every night the shepherds got them into pens or folds, and they lay down to guard them from wild beasts, and to keep men from coming to steal them. Then she told about Jesus being the good Shepherd, who not only watched the sheep to keep them from harm, but laid down his life for them. She showed us a picture of a large flock of sheep

ing to a fold. The shepherd was following them, and under his loose coat there was the head of a little lamb sticking out, and he was kept from falling to the ground by the girdle of the shepherd. He said Jesus, the Good Shepherd, carried the lambs in his bosom. She said that he was willing to save all who would come to him. If they were too weak to follow him, he would even carry them in his arms, if he saw that they were willing and anxious to go with him, rather than not have them. Then the teacher repeated some beautiful verses. I hope she will repeat them again, for I am anxious to learn them. What did your teacher tell you, Tommy?"

"Oh! he told us how Christ was rich, and yet for our sake became poor. He said he was so poor he had no place to lay his head; and then Sweetly asked: 'Could he not sleep in a sugar-hogshead?'"

"Did not the teacher laugh?"

"No, he did not exactly laugh, but he smiled. The boys laughed."

"What did the teacher say?"

"He said that when the Bible said that Christ had no place to lay his head, it meant that there was no place that he owned. He said that he did

not sleep out of doors, because he had friends in whose houses he could stay. He said he was not poor because he was obliged to be, as a great many people are ; but he was poor because he chose to be. He said he was rich before he left heaven, but was poor on earth, in order that he might save men. This he called a part of the sacrifice of Christ. But he did more than this. He died on the cross. He said he could not have died if he had stayed in heaven and remained God, but became a man, so that he could die. I told him that if I was God, I should remain so, for all of becoming a man."

"What did he say to that?"

" 'Yes,' said he, 'I suppose you would. I suppose we all should, for we have so little of the spirit of Jesus Christ.' Then he told how Jesus was God at the same time that he was man, and that as he became man that he might die, so, after he died, he went to heaven again. He then said he came to earth now as a Spirit, and showed folks their sins, and led them to turn away from them and become good. He then spoke to me, and asked me if I did not sometimes feel that I did wrong. I told him I did. He said this was an evidence that Jesus Christ was moving upon my heart by his Spirit."

"Did he say anything more?"

"Yes, lots of things. He said that when any person was willing to leave off sinning, and really anxious to be good, it was a proof that Jesus Christ was working in his heart."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him that sometimes I felt myself to be very wicked, and tried to do better, but that I did not suppose it was anything more than myself. He said it was Jesus Christ at work in my heart. I told him I should think Jesus Christ would keep away from sinners, and have nothing to do with them. He said that he came to save sinners, and that the only way in which he could save them was by showing them the wickedness of their hearts, and then leading them to turn away from their sins."

"Is it not strange, Tommy, that Jesus Christ loves sinners so much?"

"Yes, it is very strange. The teacher said that he was willing to save the very chief of sinners. When he went on to tell how he was once a great sinner. He said he actually hated God, and used to stay away from church, because he could not bear to think of him. I cannot remember all he said, but he told how he had a pious sister, and that she used to talk with him. He said that after

awhile he could not bear the sight of her, because she was so faithful to him. He said that one night, after she had talked with him, he determined to go and throw himself into the water and drown himself, so that he could get away from this sister. On his way to the dock, he thought that the only reason why he wished to get away from his sister was because she talked to him of God; and then he thought that if he should drown himself, he would go out of this world into another, where God manifests himself more fully than in this, and that, on the whole, he should not gain anything by it. Then all at once he felt that it would be a very great sin for him to take his life. He was so deeply affected by this that he turned away from the dock, and walked back again to the house, and went to bed. He could not sleep, and lay and tossed for a long time. He then got up and dressed himself, and went and tapped at the door of his sister's room, and asked her to get up and come to his room. She dressed herself, and went to his room. He then told her how he had hated God, and had hated her, and what he had been tempted to do. He told her that on his way back from the dock he asked himself why he hated God. The more he thought of it, the more clearly he saw that he had

no good reason for hating him, for God had always shown him kindness, and nothing but kindness. Then he asked his sister if she supposed that God could pardon one who had committed such great sins. She told him yes, and she prayed with him and for him, and he prayed for himself; and it was not long before he became happy. It was awful, Humpy, for that man to think of throwing himself into the dock. He would probably have drowned. I hope I shall never hate anybody so bad that I shall want to kill myself to get away from him."

"I hope you will not, Tommy."

"I must go now, Humpy. I want to get as many shines as I can to-day; for our rent comes due soon."

Upon this he ran up Highland Place to the corner of Columbia Street.

From this conversation, which took place on the Monday morning subsequent to the opening of the mission-school, the reader will learn that Mr. Overton's attempts to commence such an enterprise had been attended with success. He had found an old building on Fowler Street. The building had been used for a variety of purposes. By the removal of some partitions, and by the liberal use of whitewash and paint, a room had been fitted up

sufficiently large to accommodate quite a number of scholars. On Saturday morning, he got some large hand-bills printed, stating that on Sabbath the mission-school would be opened. These hand-bills were put up on all the places where such things could be posted. On one side of the hand-bill may have been an advertisement of a steam-boat excursion ; on the other a theatre-bill. The bill-poster did not care for this. He put them up where he could find a place.

Tommy and Humpy knew, several days beforehand, when the school would commence, and they had told some of their acquaintances.

The reader will ask, perhaps, if Mr. Mornay made any objection to his daughter's attending the school. In reply, we would say that the gentleman for whom he worked was a warm friend of the enterprise. A few days before the school was commenced, he spoke to him, and asked him where he attended church. He replied :

"Nowhere in particular."

"Have you ever heard Dr. Bosworth ?"

"No, sir. His church is up-town, and the people are all well dressed. I don't think I should feel at home there."

"He is going to preach next Sabbath around

here in Fowler Street. I wish you would attend. The seats are free."

"I think I will go."

"I hope you will. How much family have you?"

"Only my mother and little girl."

"Your wife is not living, then?"

"No, sir."

"Well, bring your mother and little girl along. What is her name?"

"Caroline. She is deformed, and we always call her Humpy Dumpy."

"Well, have her come, by all means. We think of having a mission-school."

"I will, sir."

Though Charles Mornay had worked in the car-shop two years or more, this was the first time his employer had ever spoken to him about his family. He was gratified to have him thus take notice of him. By this interview his mind was favorably impressed, and he readily gave his consent to have his daughter attend the school.

The proverb is, that a soft answer turneth away wrath. So a kind word spoken by an employer to one of his men will have a good influence over him. Kind words never die.

CHAPTER IX.



HAVING, in a preceding chapter, the impressions made upon the of Humpy and Tommy by the school, it may not be amiss to how this enterprise was regarded by that vicinity.

On the Monday evening following the school, Charles Mornay went into the grocery. He carried with him a junk and placed it on the counter, and said Williams, "I want a pint of Santa Cruz

"In a moment, Mr. Mornay," said Mr. W who was waiting upon a customer.

"I am in no special hurry," said Mr. M He took a chair, and looked at the people the door which opened into Columbia St

While sitting there, Thomas McDougal in to purchase some whiskey, and, as they li the same block, and worked in the same they were somewhat acquainted. The were not intimate, however, and, as one c

worked in the wood and the other in the iron department of the car-factory, they did not often meet, except in the evening, when they were often drawn together by a love of strong drink, which was common to both. Thomas McDougall was an Irishman who had been several years in this country. He was above the common height, and stoutly built. He was a man of peaceable disposition, except when he had been drinking. More or less liquor he used every day, and occasionally he had a spree, and then he was quarrelsome, and quite a dangerous personage, in case those who were with him differed from him in opinion. No sober man liked to have his brawny fists brought in close proximity with his nose, nor would any of his associates attempt to brave his anger unless they were so drunk as not to know what they were about.

At the time Thomas entered the grocery, he was sober, though he had not fully recovered from the spree of the previous Saturday night and Sunday. He had a bottle in his hand, and, as he entered the door, Charles Mornay said to him, "Come this way, Tom, and take a seat."

"Ah! Charlie, that is you, is it? Faith, and I really belave ye are here as regularly as I."

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"I come quite often. Perhaps I come too often. My mother thinks I do."

"And so, Charlie, your mother talks to ye, does she? Perhaps, if ye would mind her talk, it's better off ye would be. In faith, I had a mother when I was a boy, and she was always botherin' her head about me. She said sometimes I should bring her gray hairs wid sorrow to the grave. But I didn't, mind ye, for she died some fifteen years back, in the old country, and we buried her some ten miles out of Cork, and she hadn't a gray hair in her head."

"Tom, it is lucky for her that she went from the world so young, before you got so bad as you now are."

"And then ye think my course would turn her hair, on account of the trouble she would be in?"

"I presume she would worry about you, just as my mother worries about me."

"In faith, she would. I can't see the use of mothers' bothering themselves so much about their children. I know I would not if I was a mother. When I was a little shaver, no higher than that counter, my mother used to pray to the Blessed Virgin to kape me from all harm. I thought, when I should get bigger and better able to look out for

myself, she would not feel so anxious like, and pray so much. It was all the same, however; she thought big Tom or little Tom could not take care of himself."

"That is the way it is with all mothers, Tom. At any rate, it is so with mine; she talks to me a great deal."

"It is but little heed ye give to her talks, I think, or ye would not drink so much liquor."

"They tell me, Charlie," he continued, "that they had a mission-school like, yesterday, over in Fowler Street."

"Yes."

"Did ye go?"

"Yes, I was there."

"What did they do there?"

"They had a kind of sermon or address, and then all that were willing to connect themselves with a school were requested to remain."

"I take it, Charlie, that, with all your larnin', ye did not need any of their taching."

"I did not join the school, but I stayed to see how they managed the affair. Did your children go, Tom?"

"No. Do ye suppose the praste would allow us to send our children to heretics to be taught?"

"I know they are quite particular."

"Yes, and sure they are, and sure they ought to be; for, as Father O'Flannegan says, it is necessary to stick to your religion."

"Well, Tom, I don't think you and I have much religion to stick to."

"And sure I have a great dale of it to stick to. Our church is the true church; and I go for the true church. I go to mass and to confessions, and I pay the praste. Lately I paid the praste twenty dollars to say mass for my mother, who has been fifteen years dead."

"I thought you said your mother used to pray to the Virgin for you?"

"And sure she did, for my own eyes have seen her, and my own ears have heard her."

"I should think that, if she was so pious as to pray for you, she would pray for herself; and if God heard her prayers, he would save her, even if the priest did not say mass for her."


"May be he would. I wanted to make it aisy for her, and so I gave the praste twenty dollars. He said that would make a sure thing of it."

"You don't believe, Tom, it would hurt your children any to go to the mission-school in Fowler Street, do you?"

"I want my children to be brought up in my own religion. When the praste tells us that these schools are established to entice children away from the true church, I shall not let my children attend them. Do you let Humpy go?"

"Yes. I do not much care to have her go; but she was anxious to go. My mother wanted to have her attend. The boss spoke to me about it, and so I gave my consent. I do not think it will amount to much, any way. There is a pretty hard set of children in this neighborhood; and if the school can do them any good, I shall be glad."

"I think," said Thomas McDougall, "that it is well for all to be able to rade a little, and to write a little, but it is not best to know too much. There was a man in my own county in Ireland who was determined to get larnin'. He got a book of a man for whom he worked, and he larned his letters, and then he got a heretic Bible. He used to spake reproachfully of the church, and he had many a talk with the praste. Finally, one Sunday, the praste turned him out of the church, and told him that St. Pater would turn the kays of heaven against him. It all came from his larnin'. And sure I would not wish my children to be turned out of heaven for what they could learn in a school."



"When I first heard that they thought of having the school, I thought I would not let Humpy go. But after what I saw and heard last Sunday, I became convinced it would do her no injury, and might do her good."

"Ye see ye don't belong to the church, and ye can do as ye please, and have no praste to trouble ye."

By this time the grocer had finished waiting upon his customers, and spoke to Mr. Mornay, and asked him what kind of liquor he called for.

"Rum—a pint of rum."

"What will you have, McDougall?"

"Whiskey—a pint of whiskey."

"Why do you Irishmen all drink whiskey?" asked Mr. Mornay.

"In faith, I s'pose it is because we likes it. I know I like it."

"Yes, I suppose you do. But why should you like that better than any other liquor?"

"Because we drank it in the old country."

The grocer drew the liquors, and, as they were the only customers then in the store, he came around the counter and took a chair, and said to Mr. Mornay, "Did I hear you and McDougall speak of mission-school over in Fowler Street?"

"Yes. They commenced one there yesterday."

"This city contains a good many hot-headed fanatics, who cannot rest easy unless they get up some sort of excitement. I feel sorry they have got into this neighborhood."

"Why so?" said Mr. Mornay.

"Because they always injure my business."

"Injure your business? I do not see how a mission-school can injure your business."

"I can tell you how they do it. I depend for my trade upon the people in this neighborhood; and if these persons persevere in their attempts, they will soon start a church somewhere in one of these streets."

"Suppose they do, then what?"

"Then these tenement-houses will be pulled down, and their places filled with dwellings occupied by single families or by stores. The population will be thinned out. Another thing will be done, and that right away: they will form a 'Band of Hope' or some other temperance society, and scare all the women and children into signing the pledge, and this will affect my business."

"People must eat, and, if they drink less, they will have more to spend for food."

"That may be," said the grocer, "but the profit

on liquors is larger than on provisions. I could not pay my rent if I did not sell liquors."

"So far as I am concerned," said Mr. Mornay, "I can say that you probably will not sell me any less liquor because of the mission-school. And I think I can say the same of McDougall."

"And sure ye may say that. Do ye suppose I am going to stop drinking whiskey because of a heretic school? I'll do no such thing."

"I am much obliged to you, my friends, for your kind assurance. I shall be glad to retain two customers as good as you are. Still, I must say that if these fanatics hold on to their school, it will make a great change in this neighborhood. It will not be a great while before there will be a committee here to request me to stop the sale of liquors."

"If such a committee should come, I hope you will not stop to palaver with them," said Mornay. "If this establishment were mine, and such a committee should come to me, I should show them the door at once, and bid them leave."

"Yes," said McDougall; "and if they were slow to take the hint, I should tell them to lift their heels, or I would show them the toe of my boot."

"But suppose the committee should consist of ladies, what then?"

"I should tell them," said Mornay, "that while I believed in women's rights, it was not one of their rights to interfere with the lawful business of any man."

"That would not do any good, for women have a gift of talking in these days, and they would stand and argue the question as long as any one would listen."

"In faith," said McDougall, "if that was their game, I should put my fist up against their noses, and tell them to blow away as hard as they pleased."

"That would hardly be genteel," said the grocer.

"Gentle! and if you are going to be gentle then a lot of women undertake to take away your bread and butter, bad luck to ye."

Mr. Mornay then said: "Mr. Williams, you need not give yourself any uneasiness about the effects of this mission-school. The change you anticipate will not be brought about at once, if it ever comes. For myself, I am not so sanguine of any such results as you mention as you seem to be. I know that for some reason women are peculiarly sensitive on this subject. They seem to begrudge us men the comfort we take in drinking a glass now and

then ; but I apprehend that if they only knew the pleasure we enjoy, they would imbibe as freely as we do."

"A great many of them do," said the grocer. "Many women in Highland Place drink up all their earnings. And if the truth was known, there are not a few who belong to the upper tendom who drink their wine daily, and frequently to intoxication. Of course that class do not patronize me, because most of them buy their wines by the case."

"You don't, of course, expect that class to come and read you a lecture on the sin of the traffic?"


"No, not at all. It is these fanatics that I am afraid of. Some of them will smell liquor as far as a hound will scent a fox, and they like to follow it up as much as the dog does the game."

"Well, Mr. Williams, come what will, you can count on my patronage as long as you will sell, and I hope you will sell as long as I want to drink," said Mornay.

"So say I," said McDougall.

Whether the anticipations of the grocer were realized will be seen in a subsequent chapter. Meanwhile, probably most of our readers will wish success to the mission-school enterprise.

CHAPTER X.

HE reader will be surprised to learn the events now about to be narrated respecting Thomas McDougall, whom we left, at the close of the preceding chapter, in conversation with the grocer and Charles Mornay. On the following Saturday, he left his work at the car-shop at noon, and went to Mr. Williams's, and had his flask filled with whiskey, and thence to his house, which was a part of No. 6 Highland Place. He entered his residence at the same time that Mr. Mornay entered his. He was sober then, but he had determined that night to have a good time. Though he used some liquor every day, he did not indulge to intoxication except on Saturdays and Sundays. Then he allowed the appetite, which gained strength during the week, to have full power over him. Mr. Mornay was satisfied from its appearance that he should become beastly drunk before the Sabbath should be over, but

did not anticipate that he would do any harm to any one but himself.

Whether the liquor he drank was drug more than usual with the vile poisons which mingled with the alcohol, or whether he had deeper potations than usual, we cannot say. We only know that, before the going down of the sun on that summer's evening, he was perfectly under the influence of the maddening bowl. Just before his wife had made ready the evening meal he was so excited with liquor that he desired food. He sent one of his children to the grocer for more liquor. When his wife remonstrated, he bade her keep quiet, for he was bound to have a good time.

After Mrs. McDougall had cleared away the dishes, she went across the Place to the house where Mrs. McNiff lived. They had had several dealings together, and Mrs. McDougall claimed that Mrs. McNiff owed her five cents, and Mrs. McNiff asserted that she had paid it. They had several disputes previous to this time about this paltry sum, but had never before come to blows. Mrs. McNiff ordered Mrs. McDougall out of her house, and the latter replied that she would go, and never darken her doors again.

he would only pay the five cents. Upon this Mrs. McNiff grappled with her, to put her out of doors. It was a regular scrimmage. Locks of hair were pulled out, dresses were torn, and, while this was going on, tongues were running as only the tongues of two Irishwomen enraged at each other could run.

As the weather was warm, the doors and windows of all the houses in the Place were open, and, as the screaming on the part of the two women was loud, every door and window that opened into the Place was full of heads looking out to learn the cause of the uproar.

Mrs. McNiff was the more powerful woman of the two, and soon landed her antagonist on the sidewalk. Not much hurt, though bleeding from the nose and from scratches on her face, Mrs. McDougall went to her own house. Her husband was frenzied by drink, and, when he saw the plight she was in, was ready to take arms in her behalf.

He started up, and said: "Bridget, darlint, what's the matter wid ye?"

She related the circumstances as above narrated, and then McDougall said, "Give yourself no concern; for by the powers, Bridget, I'll fex

Mrs. McNiff so that she'll never pull a hair of your head again."

"No, Tom, don't ye touch her. I'm muckle enough for her ony day. Let her come in here jist once, and I'll show her the sidewalk as aisy as can be."

"Bridget, kape quiet. Do ye suppose Tom McDougall is going to sit still and let his neighbors bate his wife like this?"

Upon this he started up, and staggered over the way to the house of Mrs. McNiff. His wife followed him. No sooner had he entered the room than he said, "And so ye have been bating my wife. You owe her five cints, and the sooner you pay it, the better."

"Mr. McDougall, it is not a penny that I owe your wife; and if you say I do, it is an awful lie you tell."

"And ye call me a liar, do ye? Take that, and see if ye can tell the truth."

At the word he struck her in the breast with a knife, and she fell upon the floor.

By this time Charles Mornay and others had entered the room. It was found that the blow was fatal, and some went to the door and shouted: "Police! murder! police!"

McDougall was sobered when he saw what he had done. Mornay said: "Tom, put up your knife, and come with me." He took him across the way, and there he awaited the coming of the officer to take him to prison, to remain till a coroner's jury could be summoned. A few moments only elapsed before the officer appeared. Then McDougall said: "Out wid ye! I'll not go wid ye."

"Tom," said Mornay, "you had better go with the officer quietly. It will be better for you in the end. I will go along to see that you are not hurt. It was not you, Tom, that did this; it was the drink that was in you."

"Well may ye say that, Charlie. Tom McDougall would scorn to lay hands on a female when he is sober." Then he turned to his wife, and said: "Biddy, darlint, I must lave you. I hope the woman will come to; but if she don't, then, Biddy, your own Tom McDougall must lave you for ever. Oh! that all the powers above would curse the man that invinted whiskey! Had I only let that alone, I never should have laid a finger on Mrs. McNiff."

We will not attempt to describe the parting between him and his family. His wife fell on his

neck, and the children grasped both of his hands. Accustomed as was the officer to similar scenes, he could not restrain his tears at the display of grief on the part of that family.

While this was going on at the house of Dougall, there was grief in the house of McNiff's across the way. A surgeon had been sent for. He came, and found life extinct. The police then stood guard over the corpse till the arrival of the coroner. The family of the deceased woman was in great distress. The children were young, and were now left orphans, as their father had died the previous year.

Among the many who came in was Thomas Endicott. When he first heard the noise, he was polishing the boots of a gentleman near the corner of Columbia Street. He looked up, and was tempted to leave the job unfinished, when the gentleman remarked: "Keep to work, my boy, it is nothing but an Irish row, and it will amount to anything more than a few scratches." No sooner, however, was this job completed than Thomas determined to go and see for himself. He had seen McDougall go into Mrs. McNiff's, and, by the time he reached the door, Mornay and McDougall were coming out.

entered, and there in the middle of the floor lay Mrs. McNiff in a pool of blood. The sight sickened him, and he hastened home. At the door stood his mother, Mrs. Mornay, and Humpy Dumpy. Mrs. Mornay was the first to speak, and enquired what had taken place. She asked if her son had taken any part in the affray. When answered in the negative, she said: "Let us thank God for that. I am afraid that he will commit some crime of this kind, unless he lets drink alone."

Humpy trembled at every joint. Thomas asked her what made her shake so. "Because," said she, "I was thinking that some drunken man might come some day and kill grandma, or perhaps your mother, Tommy."

"I hope not, Humpy," said Thomas; "and yet there is no knowing what a drunken man may do. For one, I am glad I have no desire to drink. I wish some one would shut up that grocery, so that not another drop could be sold there."

"So say I," said Mrs. Mornay.

"So say I," said Mrs. Endicott.

"So say I," said Humpy in her heart, though not with her lips. The reader already knows

that one of the most painful tasks assigned to Humpy was to go occasionally to the grocery for liquor for her father. Generally he performed this service for himself, but sometimes called on Humpy to do it.

While this group was assembled on the steps of the house, Mr. Overton came up Columbus Street, and turned into Highland Place. He found excited persons about the doors of the houses of McDougall and the McNiffs, and soon learned the cause of the trouble. He was summoned by the coroner as one of the jury. After examining the body and looking at the nature of the wound, the coroner permitted the neighbors to remove the blood from the body and prepare it for burial. The city undertaker furnished a plain coffin, and in due time the body was buried in Potter's Field.

When the jury had heard the testimony of the witnesses, they were unanimous in giving a verdict, which was that the said Mary McNiff came to her death by a blow from the hand of Thomas McDougall, and that the said Thomas McDougall was at the time under the influence of intoxicating liquor. Mr. Overton wished to append to the verdict the following addition

"And that the said liquor was purchased at the store of Thomas Williams, and was sold to the said McDougall, contrary to the statutes of the State." To this, however, some of the other jurors would not agree, and the matter was dropped.

During that Saturday night, a wake was held over the body of Mrs. McNiff, and some of the same men and women, so loud in condemnation of the act of McDougall, partook immoderately of the same poisonous fluid which had so inflamed his passions and transformed him into a demon.

When Mr. Overton saw Mrs. Mornay, he intended to call upon her; but, as we have said, he was empanelled on a jury, and had to defer his call till another time.

The papers of Monday morning gave full particulars of the tragedy. The reporters had spent the larger part of the Sabbath in "interviewing" the prisoner in his cell, the stricken family in the prisoner's home, and those who occupied the same tenement with Mrs. McNiff. Most of these papers contained reports of conversations at considerable length. The caption, "Horrid Murder," was in large letters,

to arrest the attention of readers. Many gentleman, as he sipped his coffee on that Monday morning, uttered the word "Umph," and when asked by his wife what he had found in the paper, said, "An Irish row down in Highland Place."

Among those who read the account was Joseph Hemmingsway. He could scarcely wait to finish his breakfast before he started down-town. Does the reader suppose that he was moved with compassion towards the McDougalls, whose husband and father was in duress vile for a crime committed while under the influence of liquor sold by a lessee of one of his buildings? Does he suppose that he visited the Place to mingle his tears with the orphan children over the dead body of their mother? No, reader, no. He went there because Mrs. McNiff, at the time of her death, had occupied a couple of rooms for half a month, and he was anxious to know whether the poor woman left money enough behind her to pay her dues. He was gratified to learn that she had died solvent. In an old stocking-foot where the neighbors knew she always deposited what she called her "rent money," enough was found to pay till the end of the month; so that

Mr. Heminway was not obliged, as he thought he perhaps might be, to turn the key in the lock when the body was taken out for burial, and leave the orphan children to seek some other habitation. He had sometimes done this, but he never had felt quite comfortable while the occurrence was fresh in his memory, and was fearful that he might have to do it in the present case. He attempted to excuse himself for such conduct by saying, "It is not the money that I care for, but many of these people are such liars that no dependence can be placed upon them." On the whole, then, Mr. Heminway was gratified to be able to say to the orphans, "You can stay here till the last day of the month, if you wish to. Then you must leave. Perhaps you will feel so lonely that you may wish to leave before the month is out. If you do, you can leave the key at Mr. Mornay's, on the other side of the Place."

Hoping that they would be provided for in some way, and that the rooms would become vacant in a few days, so that he could rent them again, he took his leave.

He crossed over to Mrs. McDougall's, to make a friendly call. It so happened that McDougall had

paid a couple of months in advance ; still, he thought it advisable to learn as far as he could what plans Mrs. McDougall had formed for the future. After expressing his sympathy with her in her trials, he said : " I suppose, Mrs. McDougall, you cannot tell yet whether you will want this tenement after the two months are out ? "

" No, sure, I cannot. How can a lone body like me tell what I'll do ? Are ye come to torment me afore the time ? "

" I did not come to torment you, Mrs. McDougall. Still, as a matter of business, it is desirable to know whether any of my tenants expect to change houses ; for I have persons almost every day asking if I have tenements to rent. "

" And sure, sir, I cannot tell whether or no I'll stay here till my mon has his thril. Ye don't think they'll be after hanging him, do ye ? "

" No, I guess not ; there is no evidence that he had malice prepense, and he will probably be imprisoned for several years. "


She did not know what prepense meant, and so she said : " It was fivepence, and not threepence, that Mrs. McNiff owed me. My mon found she had abused me, and, when he is in liquor he is aisily mad. He did not mean to kill

know he did not. I was at the prison
y, and he told me; so and I'd believe him,
vell, drunk or sober, sooner nor I would
else. Mr. Heminway, if ye would only
that store on the corner, Highland Place
be paceable. Had it not been for that, I
have my own Thomas to-day working for
as, and to-night I should hear his steps on
s." Upon this she broke out afresh, and
ninway took his leave.

py felt truly sorry for the McNiff children,
ould have been a great satisfaction to her
ather would have consented to take them
family. This he declined to do. He said:
had better go to some orphan asylum, and
for at the public expense. It is as much
do to support my family now, without car-
all the Irish brats in the neighborhood."
py knew that this was the end of the matter.
suaded her grandmother to let her take the
ne stockings and underclothes which she
grown.

-The reader may think it entirely improbable that
he should be occasioned by a dispute respecting a
ltry as five cents. Such an occurrence, however, did
e in Boston, on Christmas Day, in 1869.

CHAPTER XI.

T will be readily believed that the murder of Mrs. McNiff caused a great commotion not only in Highland Place, but in all that part of the city; and that the excitement was felt within the mission-school recently established. When the time arrived for assembling, Humpy Dumpy was not inclined to go. Thomas Endicott was ready to start, and so he opened the door of Mr. Mornay's room and said: "Come, Humpy, are you ready?"

"No, Tommy, I don't want to go to-day."

"Why not?"

"Because there are so many people on the streets, and I am afraid that there will be more fighting."

"Nobody will touch you. Come along. I am all ready to go with you. If any one tries to injure you, I will do my best to defend you."

So, escorted by Thomas, she found her way to the school-room, and entered the class. Miss Fathom, her teacher, and most of her classmates w

ready in attendance. She was flushed with excitement, and trembled some when she reached her it. Her teacher remarked: "I am afraid you walked too fast in coming. You should remember that you are not very strong, and should start sufficiently early to reach here in season without being obliged to hurry."

"I didn't want to come, ma'am, and this made me slow in starting."

"Didn't want to come? I thought you liked to come to the school?"

"I do like to be here, and generally I like to me; but to-day every one over in Highland Place so excited that I was afraid to start, and, after I started, I hurried all I could."

"I do not think you have anything to fear. You have not done any one any harm, I hope; and I can see no reason why any person should injure you."

"But, teacher, don't people, when they are drunk, sometimes injure those who have never done them harm?"

"That is very true. But I do not think they would injure a lame girl like you."

Humpy was almost on the point of saying that she had received injuries which would endure

throughout all her earthly pilgrimage from the carelessness of a man the worse for liquor. The superintendent struck the bell, and the exercises commenced. The lesson for that day contained the words, "He shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sin." In the course, this opened for consideration the work of human redemption. The question was Jesus? where did he come from? what did he come for? what motive influenced him to come? why was there any need of him? and many others of a similar nature were asked by Miss Farnham of her class. Some of the members were almost entirely ignorant, and some had more knowledge. We do not speak disparagingly of the others when we say that Humpty Dumpty had more knowledge of the Scriptures than all the others combined. It devolved on her chiefly to answer the questions, and the others listened, some with considerable interest, while the remainder were almost wholly indifferent. Indeed, in this respect Miss Farnham's class bore a very close resemblance to the Sunday-school classes gathered under very different circumstances, and from a class of whose early advantages have been vast.

r to any assembled in that mission-school. It to be lamented that such multitudes of the ung value so little the precious privileges which ey enjoy.

The discussion of these various questions ought out in a vivid manner the subject of man guilt and the need of a Saviour, and also e obligation of men to receive Jesus as he is ured in the Gospel.

The spirit of God was evidently moving upon e heart of Humpy, and she asked a great many estions. One was this: "Why cannot I be red by obeying the commands of God?" The swer was, "Because no one has ever kept the v perfectly; and if he has sinned only once, ough he should ever afterwards keep the law, is subsequent obedience cannot remove the sin." e teacher illustrated it in this way: here is a ild whose mother tells him thus: "Every time u disobey me, I shall make a black mark against u; and every time you do as I tell you, I will ke a white mark." Even though there should ten white marks and one black one, the black e would still stand as a sign of a former dis- edience.

The child then enquired whether God's law

took knowledge of anything besides what we do. She was assured that the law reaches to the heart, and that the all-searching eye of God searches the hearts and tries the reins of the children of men. She very well knew that in her heart she had sinful thoughts, and that she had done many things for which her conscience reproved her.

She was urged by the teacher to believe in Christ. This she explained to her as best she could. She said: "When your grandmother or father tells you anything, you believe it. You take it for granted that they know whether it is true or not, and so when they declare it to be true, you no longer doubt. If a boy or girl with whom you were not acquainted were to say that this or that thing were so, you would doubt; but if, on asking your grandmother, she says it is so then you believe, because you do not suppose her to be ignorant, nor do you think she will deceive you. The Lord Jesus says in one place 'The Son of man came to seek and save that which was lost.' He must have known whether men were in need of salvation or no. If they were not, we cannot suppose that Christ would have come to save them. He cannot have

any object in attempting to deceive men respecting the object for which he came into the world. Do you not believe that he came to save the lost?"

"Yes, ma'am; I suppose he did."

"Yes, he came to save all that are lost on account of sin. You have sinned, and have lost all hope of heaven because you have transgressed the law, and therefore he came to save you."

"Teacher, I sometimes think I am such a sinner that God is not willing to save me."

"I do not doubt that you feel yourself to be a sinner. It is because God's Spirit is moving upon your heart that you have this feeling of sinfulness. I know that, before I became a Christian, I felt just so. I suppose others feel so, too. The Apostle Paul felt it, and said: 'It is a faithful saying that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.'"

"How did the Apostle Paul know this?"

"He knew it because Christ had said that he came to seek and save the lost. He knew it because he could see that Jesus was a great high-priest, and that he shed his blood for the remission of sins. But he knew it, also, because he

experienced this salvation. He felt in his heart that he had become a new man, and he had received this newness of heart and life by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. It does not matter, my dear child, how great a sinner you may think yourself to be; this should not keep you from Christ, because he is able to save to the uttermost all who will believe in him. God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him shall not perish, but have everlasting life. When he says, 'Whoever believeth,' he means you as much as any one else. He does not say that a great sinner cannot be saved if he will believe. He says, 'He that cometh to me shall in no wise be cast out.'

"But, teacher, I am not fit to come."

"I suppose you feel so. No one is fit to come. If you wait to feel that you are fit to be saved, you will never come. We ought to be thankful that God does not require us to feel fit to come. In common sense, this feeling of unfitness to come is the best preparation we can have, because when we do come, we shall be more ready to rely upon the righteousness of Christ for our salvation. He desires that we should cast ourselves entirely upon him."

tion; but if we feel that we are not great sinners, we shall not do this."

"But, teacher, I am too young to come to Christ."

"Oh! no, you are not. Christ said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.' He will receive you, and give you a new heart and a right spirit. He will forgive all your sins, and He will dwell in your heart. You can then pray to Him, and He will hear you."

"Do you suppose He will hear me if I pray for my father, in case I should love Jesus?"

"Yes. Do you feel anxious to have your father become a Christian?"

"Yes, ma'am. I would do anything I could, if I could do him any good."

"I am glad to hear it. I hope you will go to school, and say, 'Lord Jesus, take me just as I am. Forgive my sins, and give me a new heart, and give me love to thee, that I may serve thee.' Will you do it?"

"I will try, ma'am."

After the school was dismissed, Thomas and Caroline Mornay started for home. While on the way, the little girl began to weep.

"Humpty, what is the matter?" said Thomas.

"I don't know, Tommy. I feel bad, and I feel happy. That is queer, though; I don't think of crying when I feel happy. You ought to have heard my teacher talk about Jesus; he never seemed so real to me as it has to me. I have read in the Testament a great many times about Jesus, but to-day it has seemed to me that he came from heaven on purpose to save me. When I think of it, I cannot help crying. I'm sorry he had to be nailed to the cross, and yet I'm glad he was, because he died for me; and now I can have all my sins pardoned, and can have a new heart; and then I can ask Jesus to forgive my father, and give him a new heart. Won't that be nice, Tommy?"

Then, as her face brightened, she added: "I shall pray for you, too, Tommy."

"I hope you will, for I am a sinner. To be sure I do not get drunk, as some do; I don't swear like some do; but still I know I have done many things which are wrong. I sometimes try to pray myself, but somehow it seems dark to me."

"I have tried to pray myself many times, Tommy, and, as you say, it has seemed dark to me; but now it looks different. I have prayed 'Our Father which art in heaven' a great many times."


he seems near to me, and I feel as though
go right to him, and ask what I want.”
I am glad you feel so, Humpy. I wish I felt

as you did. I hope you will,” said

whether these feelings on the part of these
soon passed away, or were permanent, will
in the subsequent chapters.

In the meantime, let us hope that others will see
and be their Saviour, and come to him, and
and peace and eternal blessedness.

CHAPTER XII.

OONER had Thomas Endicott reached his mother's apartment than he commenced talking with her. His question was, "Mother, do children ever become Christians?"

"Certainly, Tommy. I do not doubt many very early in life become followers of the Saviour. Why do you ask the question?"

"Because I don't know but Humpy is coming for all the way home from the mission-school has been talking and telling how she feels. She was crying most of the time, and yet she was very happy; she said. It seemed very queer to hear her talk so."

"I am very glad if she has become a Christian. The poor child has not much to look forward to in this life; and if she has found the Saviour, and can put her trust in him, it will be a great comfort to her."

"I have often thought, mother, that I should like to be a Christian; but it has always seemed

to me that if I did, I must lose a great deal of enjoyment in this life."

"My son, in order to be a Christian, it is not necessary to sacrifice any enjoyments except those of a sinful nature. You have the same impression that most young people have, and that is that religion makes a person gloomy."

"Yes, I have that impression, and why should I not have it? To be sure, I do not know many persons that call themselves Christians, but almost all of them always have on a long face, and look as though they were attending a funeral."

"Suppose a person does have on a long face, as you call it, that is no certain sign that they feel gloomy. Boisterous mirth is not always a sure indication that he who indulges in it is happy. He may be far from it. You say that the Christians you have seen are gloomy. Who are they?"

"Well, there is Mrs. Mornay, for one. She scarcely ever smiles."

"It is true, my son, that Mrs. Mornay scarcely ever laughs. She has seen a great deal of trouble. Did you know all the story of her life, you would not wonder that she is not mirthful. She has

buried several children. One of her sons ran away, and went to sea ; and whether he is living or not she does not know. What Humpy's father is you very well know. It is not strange that Mrs. Mor-nay is not given to mirth. If she had no hope in Christ, she could not bear up under her trials as well as she does. Besides this," she continued, "some people are different from others naturally. Some persons who are not Christians are very sedate. They scarcely ever laugh or say anything to make others laugh. Yet they do not claim to be Christians ; and, for this reason, it cannot be said that their religion makes them unhappy. When such a person experiences religion, it does not change his natural temperament entirely. Religion does not make people gloomy, nor does it always put a smiling face on a man naturally sedate."

"Well, mother, suppose a boy like me should become a Christian. Should I always have to act like grown-up people?"

"Certainly not. It would not be expected that you would be a man, like Mr. Overton, for instance. You would be a boy still. By the way, Thomas, Mr. Overton is a Christian who is not gloomy. I do not doubt that he is a good man,

and yet he always appears happy. There is no gloom about him."

"I know there isn't. If I should become a Christian, I should wish to be one like him. You say, mother, that if I should become a Christian, I should not be expected to be a man?"

"No, you would be a boy still. You would like boyish sports just as well as now. These you would enjoy, and still have love to Jesus Christ."

"You say I could have love to Christ and enjoy boyish sports. Do you mean to say that having love to Christ is the whole of religion?"

"No, not the whole of it, but it lies at the foundation of all. If you love Christ, you will have faith in him. If you love him, you will keep his commandments; and if you keep his commandments, you will abide in his love. And if you feel that he loves you and you love him, you will be happy. You will be assured that he is your friend; and you will find his friendship of more value than all things besides."

"I think Humpy loves the Saviour, mother; and if that is being a Christian, then I suppose I am one."

"I wish, my son, you were one too. If you become one while a boy, you can do a great deal

of good in the world. You will be saved from many vices which bring sorrow into the world. If Thomas McDougall," she continued, "had been a true Christian, he would not have let his passions obtain such control over him as to murder Mrs. McNiff. There is Humpy's father; if he were a true Christian, he would be very different from what he is. I feel anxious that my darling Thomas, my only one, should do right. I know that unless he loves the Saviour of men, he cannot have anything to shield him from the power of evil in this life, nor can he dwell at the right hand of God in heaven."

Thomas made no reply to these remarks. He was thinking. He was not naturally light-minded; but for a boy of his years, he thought a great deal. His conversations with Humpy and with his mother had set in motion a train of thought on a subject upon which his mind had not before seriously dwelt. The reader must not suppose that his mother had not often talked with him, and endeavored to impress truth upon his mind. Her conversations had not, however, produced anything more than a momentary effect. He had the common impression that it was important for persons to become religious before they died, but that it was

well to postpone the work till old age. When, however, he heard the artless story of Humpy Dumpy, the thought was impressed upon him that perhaps it was not best to postpone all serious thoughts till he should grow old, or even till he should become a man. For the first time in his life, religion came up before his mind in such a form that he was disposed not to dismiss it from his thoughts.

Let us look now for a moment into Mr. Mornay's rooms, and see what is taking place there.

Mrs. Mornay, when she saw Humpy flushed with heat and with excitement, said: "Caroline, I did wrong to let you go to the mission-school to-day. During the very hottest of the weather you will have to stay at home."

"I know I am tired, grandma, but I shall get rested again. I hope you will let me go every Sunday. I like my teacher very much; I guess he will come and see you some day. Grandma, did you ever hear of little girls like me becoming Christians?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Because I want to be a Christian. I want to love the Saviour, and, when I die, 'I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand.'"

"I want my dear Carrie to be more than an angel. I want her to be a true Christian ; and this is better than to be an angel. True Christians have sincere love to Jesus, because he has redeemed them ; but he did not redeem angels. Angels love Christ because in him dwells all the fulness of God ; but Christians love him because for them he laid down his life on the cross."

"Why, grandma, I did not know before that, if one became a Christian, he would be happier than an angel. My teacher talked to me to-day as she never did before, and I feel to-night as I never felt before. Jesus Christ seems to be a real person, and I think I love him. I want papa to love him too ; yes, and all the world."

Mrs. Mornay only said : "I am glad, Carrie," for her thoughts soon turned from her grandchild to her son. How many years she had prayed for him, and he was still unconverted ! Now, she thought that the prayers of this child would be united with hers, and that possibly God would reach the heart of the father through the child. She sat a long time, thanking God for the child's words, that she "thought she loved Jesus," and praying that her words and her life *might* produce a powerful effect on the heart of

he little one's parent. After awhile, Humpy, finding that her grandmother made no further remarks, said that it was not so much the walk from the mission-school as what she had been thinking of that produced such a flush on her cheeks. "I trembled all the way home," she continued; "but it was not from weariness, but because I was so happy. My heart feels as light as a feather. Grandma, what do you suppose papa will say when he knows that I am so happy in loving Jesus?"

"I don't know, my dear. I have been thinking of that ever since you told me."

"You don't think he will be mad, do you?"

"That depends altogether upon how he will happen to feel when he first learns that such is the case."

"Grandma, if he comes home cross, I don't mean to say anything to him about it. Would you?"

"No. Perhaps he may get something to drink while he is out, and, if so, he may be ill-natured; and if he is, you had better keep entirely still. I hope he will come home sober and good-natured. You can tell instantly by his looks and by the way he will talk."

"I should like to tell him to-night. I told Tommy on my way home from school. If papa and Tommy could feel as I do, they would be happy as I am, and then I should be happier than I now am, if possible. Grandma," she continued, "how old were you when you began to love Jesus?"

The grandmother then gave the child an account of her religious experiences, but we will not record it.


The child began to question her aged friend respecting the best mode of making known to her father how she felt. She desired to be as harmless as a dove, and yet she desired to be as wise as a serpent. She was anxious that upon her father's mind the best impression possible should be made. Mrs. Mornay was far more anxious than Humpy. She knew far better than she could the various moods of her son, and how much depended upon the impression that should be made. She was anxious lest he might receive it unkindly, and then forfeit her attendance on the school; but her prevailing feeling was one of hope. The promise, "A little child shall lead them," was running in her mind, and from the time Humpy returned from the mission-school, though sometimes engaged in c

on, she had been lifting up her heart to
that this promise might be fulfilled. She
well knew that it was in the power of this
occasionally maddened by drink, to make
provision of his little daughter well-nigh unen-
abled, or he could do much to encourage her
attempts to serve the Lord, and thus
glorify his name.

When Mr. Mornay came in on that Sabbath
day, it was time for Humpy to retire to her

She kneeled down by her bed, and repeated
what her grandmother had taught her, and
poured out her heart in earnest supplications
for her father and Tommy. These, with her grand-
mother, constituted almost her entire world.

CHAPTER XIII.

N a former chapter we have mentioned George Mornay, who, when a lad, left his father's house, and went to sea. We have related how that, after being in Honolulu, and attending upon the services of the sanctuary, his mind had been impressed as never before with the importance of personal religion. We have stated that he was active in religion on shipboard. He had learned at San Francisco that the father, whose harshness had induced him to leave home, was dead, and that his sisters were not living, but was led to believe that his mother and younger brother were alive; but of the place of their residence he was ignorant. We now resume his history.

As the brig *Inez*, of which he was master, was approaching the port whither she was bound, he called all hands on deck, and said: "Men, we are nearing the port, and shall soon be in the dock. I hope all of you will conclude to ship with me again. You know that during

homeward voyage my feelings have undergone a great change. I was formerly heaven-g and profane; but, by the grace of God, I knocked off swearing, and taken to praying. I all remember the terrible gale which met us off Cape Horn, and how God enabled us to weather it. You know that from that day to this we have had prayers in the cabin every

I put it to you, one and all, has it not much more pleasant than it was when all—captain, mates, and men—were swearing after day? We are now almost in; and while perhaps some of you have found the Saviour, I trust that you will have great temptations. Give the land-sharks a wide berth. You have been in their jaws before now, and know that, while they profess a great deal of friendship for you, they do nothing for you, but only desire to get money. Don't go near them. If once you get into their vile dens, you will come out sicker, and at the same time damaged in character. You will always be before the mast, you do not let liquor alone. On the vessel which I first shipped was a man who was an excellent seaman. He was well educated. He understood navigation, but he loved drink. On

the day of sailing, he was on a drunken spree, and could not be found. I was standing—a green lubber—on the dock, and I was shipped in his place. What became of him I don't know, but I have no doubt that his berth is still in the fore-castle, if he has not gone to Davy Jones's locker. Let me urge you, then," he continued, "to let liquor alone. Go to the Sailors' Home. Attend the Bethel Church. Make yourselves known to the pastor. He is a stranger to me, but I know he is a friend of the sailor. To-day is Saturday. We will go to the consignees, Smith, Jones & Co., and you will be paid off. We will then go to the Sailors' Home, and to-morrow will go to the Bethel. When I was a boy, I remember that an old sea-captain lived in my native place, and when he came home from a voyage, he always sent a note to the minister, which read something like this: 'Capt. —, having returned in safety from a foreign port, desires that the thanks of this congregation may be returned to Almighty God for his protecting care.' I propose to hand a similar paper to the seamen's preacher to-morrow. It would be gratifying to be able to say that the captain and all hands unite in this request. What say ye, my men?"

A hearty "Ay, ay, sir!" was uttered by the sailors.

The decks were scrubbed, and the ship made as tidy as possible, and a signal made for a pilot. One soon came on board, and the ship was in due time made fast at the dock. One sailor said to another while coming up the harbor: "I say, Bill, an't it queer, though, that the captain has changed so since we left 'Frisco? He didn't use to care anything for the men, only to work them as hard as he could. I used to think he liked to have it blow like blazes, so that he could send the men into the top. Then he would not have thought of sending a paper to the priest to thank God. No; if he had thanked anybody, it would have been the sailors, for keeping everything taut on board."

"Yes, Tom, there is a great change in him. I have thought many a time since we left Callao that a little liquor would taste nicely; but as sure as I am Bill Waters, I won't drink a drop while I am in port. Every voyage I have made I have determined to go and see my family, or at least send them some money; but the fact is, before I could be in port twenty-four hours, I would find myself with 'nary a red,' and my sea-toggery in pawn,

and perhaps a month's advance in the till of landlord, and not a cent left to go home with to send to Betsey Ann. This time I don't mean to have it so. I mean to go and see my wife up in the country."

Captain Mornay left the mate on board, marched his scamen to the office of the signees, and they received their pay; and he accompanied them to the brig, and their chests, and put them on a dray, and went in a body to the Sailors' Home. All the streets through which they passed they see sundry motions and hear sundry voices which indicated the dislike of the sailor to the ing-house keepers. One of them sung on another two doors away, as they were passing should think they would want some deacons march ahead with a bassoon, and play 'Hundred.' Captain Mornay heard this and other remarks, but pursued his way without giving any attention to them, and registered his names and theirs at the Sailors' Home. He induced men to deposit their money with the landlord in safe keeping. He now felt that they would be safe, at least for the present. After supper, he proposed that any so disposed should take a stroll

town. So they went up into Columbia Street, and passed along, looking at the goods displayed in the shop-windows. On a box near the corner of Columbia Street sat Thomas Endicott. He espied the sailors coming up street, and noticed at a glance that their shoes were in need of polishing. He stood at the corner, and, as Captain Mornay came up, he said, "Have a shine, sir?"

"Yes, I don't care if I do."

The boy worked away with great celerity, and soon finished them. The men saw the great improvement in the captain's appearance, and concluded to have theirs blacked. This was quite a windfall for Thomas. It was not often that he had so many in a company willing to patronize him. Mr. Williams saw the sailors about his doors, and invited them to come in; but Captain Mornay, giving the men the wink, respectfully declined.

The next day, the captain and his men all visited the Bethel, and the pastor read with pleasure the note which the sexton handed him, and expressed the thanks of all present that He who holds the winds in his fists had preserved the vessel and crew from the perils of the great deep. To this was added an earnest prayer that God would keep

them from the greater perils of the land, and make them a blessing to the world. On Monday Captain Mornay, in company with the consignees, looked over the bills of lading, and found that all were correct. He then told them that he had followed the seas several years, and had seen none of his relatives, and was going to New Hampshire to see if he could find them. He stated that he did not intend to be absent many days, and that, in case any party wished to charter the vessel, if they would telegraph to him, he would return at once.

He reached his native place, and, after engaging a room and taking supper at the village tavern, he sauntered out for a walk. He was not recognized by the landlord, and only said that he was a sea-captain there on business. One of the first places visited was the old burial-ground in the rear of the meeting-house. He there found the spot where his sisters were buried, and at the head of one grave was a stone which announced the sleeper to be that of Mrs. —, and daughter of Thomas Mornay. He had found the grave of the sister whose love for him was one of the few bright spots in his boyhood. Near her grave was another of an adult. Pieces of slate-stone at the head

and at the foot were all that marked the spot, and yet he was well-nigh certain that it was the grave of his father, whose harsh words had driven him from home, and still rankled in his soul, though years had elapsed.

Wandering through the yard, reading the inscriptions, was melancholy work. He found graves which indicated that a large portion of his youthful associates had departed this life. He found some which had been erected, like that at his sister's grave, by the hands of bereaved husbands. The shades of evening gathered over the grave-yard before he left it. Before leaving, he went back to the spot where he supposed his father was buried, and kneeled down and confessed to God all the bitterness of heart he had felt, and prayed it might all be forgiven. He then returned to the tavern, and read the papers which were lying on the table, some of them by no means fresh. The landlord had only recently purchased the place, and was a stranger in town, and of him he made no enquiries. The next morning the captain called at Mr. Hollister's. He found Mrs. Hollister a woman who took the world easy. She was a person well posted in all the news that from time to time floated through the neighborhood.

When he rang the bell, she came to the door herself.

"Is this Mrs. Hollister?"

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Mornay."

"Will you walk in, sir?"

As soon as they were seated, she said, "I received a letter several weeks ago from Mr. Hollister, stating that he had seen George Mornay, but should not have known him. I don't think I should have known you. In fact, I never was much acquainted with you."

"No, ma'am, I suppose not. I lived some distance from the village, and I was not much acquainted here. I do not think I should have known your husband, except for the singular squint in one of his eyes; but I am very glad I met him. I learned from him," he continued, "that all our family are dead excepting mother and Charles. Mr. Hollister said they had left town, but thought you would know where they were. I am anxious to see them. I want particularly to see my mother; I want to thank her for her love to me when a child, and to ask her to forgive me for all the anxiety I have occasioned her. She had a deal of trouble when I

lived at home, and I ought to have stayed and helped her bear it; but when my father came out on me, I became angry, and left. Now, Mrs. Hollister, can you tell me where I can find her?"

"I have heard that she left Portland, and was living in — City."

"Did she go with Charles?"

"Yes. The last I heard anything about her was this: Charles was working in a car-shop, and your mother was keeping house for him and taking care of his little motherless girl."

"Then Charles has been married and lost his wife?"

"Yes, so I understand."

"Do you know for whom Charles was at work?"

"No, I do not. If I ever heard the man's name, I have forgotten it. I suppose it is one of the large establishments."

"Very possible. If his name is in the directory, I can easily find Charles; but it is more than likely it will not be found there."

While they were pursuing this conversation, a boy appeared, and enquired if Captain Mornay was there. On being told he was, he said:

"I've got a telegram for him. I brought it over from the railroad."

Captain Mornay then opened the envelope, and read :

"Have chartered the *Inez* for San Francisco. Come at once. SMITH, JONES & Co."

He turned to the boy, and said, "How did you come over from the station?"

"With a boss and wagon."

"Can you take me over?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mrs. Hollister," said the captain, "I am very much obliged to you for your information. I shall have no time to pursue my enquiries while in port, for, as my vessel has been chartered, I must go and see to the cargo. It probably is something which will require care in stowing, and I shall be so much occupied that I shall have no time to look after mother and Charles. If, perchance, his name is in the directory, then I can find them. If Mr. Hollister has not left the Pacific coast, I may see him. Next year I mean to come again. I shall then erect tombstones at my father's grave. Good-by, Mrs. Hollister."

Good-by, sir. I am happy to have met you, am sorry you cannot tarry longer."

I would like to remain. A sailor's life is a roving one at the best. If I succeed in finding my mother, I may conclude to leave the ship, and get a place, and take my comfort."

I hope you will succeed in finding her. I am a sailor, however, unless the home you pursue should contain stronger attractions than an alien mother, whether your love of a roving life will be overcome. You need a wife, captain."

That may be. Good-by, madam. Boy, where is your horse?"

Over at the tavern, sir."

We'll go, then, as soon as we can."

Captain Mornay reached the station, and took the night-train, and the next morning presented himself in the office of Smith, Jones & Co.

The stevedores had taken the cargo from the ship, and Captain Mornay and his mate took the charge of stowing away a cargo of miscellaneous goods for the party by whom the *Inez* had been chartered. He boarded at the Sailors' Home, and took part in the religious meetings held under that roof. It was a great satisfaction to him to see those who had been on board his

vessel keep sober. He knew that when the ship should be ready for sea, they would be on board ready to do their duty. Since his conversion, he had felt a sense of responsibility respecting those under his care entirely unlike that formerly experienced. He was anxious for their welfare, temporal and spiritual.

He searched the directory for his brother's name, but found it not. He was unable to prosecute a search for him with any strong expectation of finding him. He knew that if he should advertise in one or more of the papers, there was little probability that his brother would see it; and if he saw it, he might pay no attention to it.

He made all possible haste in getting to sea. He was desirous of making the trip out and back as soon as possible, because now his chief worldly anxiety was to find his mother. He dropped a letter in the office, directed to his mother; but it afterwards proved that it never reached her, but probably found its way into the Dead-Letter Office, and thence to some paper-mill, where it was remanufactured into paper.

He sailed from port. God speed him on his way, and grant him a safe return!

CHAPTER XIV.



MR. HOLLISTER was reading one of the daily papers in San Francisco, and among the shipping intelligence he read that the "ship *Inez*, Captain Mornay," had arrived. He determined to go down to the dock, and, if possible, find the captain. He reached the place where the ship was lying at anchor, and hailed a sailor on board in these words: "Is this the ship *Inez*?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Is Captain Mornay on board?"

"He is."

"Is he busy?"

"He is stowing away his grub. He'll be on deck soon. Will you come on board, sir?"

Thus invited, Mr. Hollister stepped on deck, and entered into conversation with the sailor till the captain appeared. He addressed him thus:

"How are you, captain?"

"Very well, sir. I hope I see you well?"

"Yes, tolerably well. I am rather homesick though."

"I should think you would go home, then."

"When I saw you last, I thought I should, but things have not gone exactly right."

"Mrs. Hollister must have been disappointed for when I left her at your home, she said she hoped you would soon be there."

"I did expect to go. I had laid by quite a little pile, and was intending soon to leave the States, when a man came down from the mountains with the assertion that he had entered a claim on a quartz-ledge, and wanted me to take a few thousand dollars in a quartz-mill. He was very adroit, and managed his cards well for himself, but not for me, nor for some others who were duped by him. This buying gold-mines is the same as buying lottery-tickets."

"Yes, I suppose so. If you had not made that investment, you would have gone home, I suppose."

"Long ago. When I found how matters had turned out, and that the whole thing was bogus, I determined to remain awhile longer. I wrote to my wife that I had let a man have money, and he had swindled me out of it. I knew,

told her all about it, she would laugh at me, and repeat the proverb, 'A fool and his money soon parted.' Some women think they are much more 'cute at making a bargain than men are. Mrs. Hollister says I am pretty good making money, but that I don't know how to keep it. She thinks she has a great talent for investing money; and what she does invest, she does it to purpose. She likes to buy land in New Hampshire."

"One thing is certain, Mr. Hollister: if she buys land in New Hampshire, it won't contain much gold quartz."

"No, nor anything else that anybody wants. I don't mean to run down my native State. Well, I must say that I do not desire to own much real estate there. I wish I was back here; but you know we are never satisfied. We want a little more. If, perchance, we have good luck, we want to get back what we have lost, and so we keep tugging away after the things of this world."

"You did not lose largely, I hope?"

"I don't know how to answer that. Before I came to this coast, I should have called it quite good luck, because in New Hampshire I don't know

as I ever possessed a gold coin. Now, when the sight of it is familiar, it does not seem so valuable. It is an old proverb that 'Misery loves company,' and there are as many miserable fellows in 'Frisco as in any other place of its size. There was a young fellow who came across the Isthmus when I did. As soon as we landed here, he started for the mines. He was industrious and prudent, and had quite a quantity of dust on hand. He called on me, and said he had amassed several thousand dollars, and meant to take the next steamer home. He fell into bad company. He was enticed into one of these gambling-hells. They plied him with drink, and won his money all away from him. When he awoke from the sleep which the drugged liquor caused, he found himself homeless and penniless. Yesterday he started back for the mines. He was unhappy, and felt almost discouraged; but he said, before he left, he had vowed that he would never drink another drop of liquor, and that he would never again enter a gambling-saloon."

"It is truly a pity that he had to have such a bitter experience to teach him the dangers of drink and of play; and yet, if this experience,

er as it was, will only make him wise in the end, it may be the best thing that has ever happened to him. Probably vast sums of money go through the hands in these saloons?"

Yes. Nobody knows how much. The blacks from the East make it a regular business to employ the men that come from the mines. These gamblers will stupefy them with liquor, so that they don't know what they are about, and then they take their money. Eastern friends know but little of what is going on on this coast."

No; I suppose not. I doubt whether San Francisco is worse than some of our Eastern cities.

The difference consists in the fact that here these games are practised openly and above-board, while in the East the police, when not in collusion with the keepers of the hells, are on the watch to put them out for them."

By the way, captain, did you learn anything of my wife as to the whereabouts of your daughter?"

I suppose that she and Charles are living in the city whence I sailed. I had to start immediately back, and had no time to look them

The reader may ask, "While this is going on

in San Francisco, what was occurring in Highland Place?"

Mrs. Mornay had thought more than usual of her absent son. By some means, it was impressed on her mind that he was alive. She had felt so for some time, but now she was almost fully satisfied that the angry ocean wave had not engulfed him, and the hope had sprung up anew that she should see him again. Something that Thomas Endicott told his mother and by her repeated to Mrs. Mornay, had revived this hope. It will be recollected by the reader that Thomas blacked the boots of the captain and several of his sailors. This was an extraordinary run of good luck, and he told his mother about it. He added, "The captain's voice made me think of that of Humpy's father when he was sober."

"Did he look like him?" said Mrs. Endicott.

"I can't tell. He is a good deal taller, but was busy at his boots, and couldn't look up much, but the voice was exactly like Mr. Mornay's."

"Do you think you would know him if you saw him again?"

"I certainly should, if I heard his voice."

"Keep a good lookout for him. Mrs. Mornay

y's son is a sailor, and possibly a captain. It could be strange indeed if he had been so near mother, and did not know it. Perhaps he i't care to find her."

When Mrs. Mornay heard the statements ofomas, she was well-nigh certain that the captain was her son. She had had of late fresh sons for desiring to see him. The son with whom she lived, and for whose crippled child daily toiled, was more and more frequently intoxicated. Sometimes for days he was loafing out the streets, instead of being at his work. Such times he would give way to his temper, and was a terror to his mother and child. When, on the other hand, he was sober, he was kind and affectionate to both. She felt that if George were living, he was probably no worse than Charles; and she longed to see him, in the hope that by his influence he would reclaim the one who was fast becoming a confirmed sot. She had ceased to reason with him, especially if under the influence of liquor. When sober, he would of his own accord speak of his evil habit, and lament it bitterly, and promise abandonment, but then fall before the power of the tempter again and again.

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Account for it as we may, it is certain that this mother had a persuasion that her long-absent son was yet in the land of the living. Charles told her this could not be. She still affirmed that she believed it to be so.

Another impression she had. It was that in some way, she could not tell how, or when, or where, this long-absent son was to be the instrument in God's hands of reclaiming his brother. She felt that her influence over Charles Mornay was but little, and that that of Humpy was not much more powerful, and she was casting about for some relief from the troubles which seemed coming upon her like a flood.

She prayed daily for him, and so did the little daughter; and she had settled down with the impression that in some way a wonder-working God would bring relief to her troubled soul. Now and then unbelief triumphed for a season, and then she felt as though, except for the child who needed her care, she would fly, and try to obtain a place of refuge. Humpy, of course, knew but little of the workings of her grandmother's mind. She felt it her duty to pray for her father, and she did so, firm in the confidence that God would hear and answer her requests.

One night, Thomas Endicott came into Mrs. Lornay's room, and set down his box containing brushes and blacking, and said :

"There, Humpy, I have finished another day's work, and I think I shall not black boots any more for a living."

"Why not? Don't you like it?"

"Yes, I like it pretty well, and I have laid money at it."

"Why do you quit it, then?"

"I don't know certainly as I shall. When I see mother, I can tell. She has not come home from her day's work."

"What makes you think you won't black boots any longer?"

"Because I hope to get into other business."

"What! go away from Highland Place? Oh my! it will be real lonely without you."

"I shall be here nights and mornings, just as I am now, but probably shall carry my dinner."

"Where are you going?"

"I was shining Mr. Overton's boots awhile ago, and he asked me how much I got a day for my work. I told him. He then asked me if I would not like to be errand-boy in his store. I told him I thought I should. He said

he wanted some one. One of the clerks had gone into business for himself, and the others had been promoted, and the errand-boy had become a clerk. He said he thought of me, because he found I was industrious and ready to work. He said he had not yet advertised for one, and should not, if, on seeing mother, he could make a bargain. He is coming to see her to-night, and, if they agree, I suppose I shall go into his store. He said he knew of scores of boys whom he could get, but would like me because he said I was not above my business."

"What do you suppose your mother will say?"

"I think she will say yes. She has a great idea of being respectable, and she thinks shining boots is not very respectable. I don't see why it isn't as respectable as going out to wash."

"I almost hope, Tommy, she won't let you go."

"Why?"

"Because I am afraid you'll be so 'respectable,' as you call it, that you'll look down on us."

"No, Humpty, no. You make a great mistake. I don't think it a bit more respectable to

in a store than to shine boots. The difference consists in this: If I become an errand-boy, I may become a clerk, and by-and-by, perhaps, a partner; but if I black boots, there is no chance of getting into any better position. One kind of work, or which is honorable and proper is just as respectable as another in itself."

"There is some one coming up-stairs, Tom. I guess it's Mr. Overton."

And so it proved. Closely behind him was Mrs. Endicott, just returning from her day's work.

Mr. Overton made known his business, and his proposals were accepted. He stated the salary and his partner had been paying, but said he: propose to add twenty-five dollars to that from my own pocket, as it may be needed in buying a suitable outfit. Of course, clothing and table for blacking boots would not be exactly place in a store."

Mrs. Endicott was highly gratified with the things that had taken. She had an ambition that her son should fill a higher position than street boot-black; and who will blame her for it?

Thomas was rather excited over the matter, so

much so that he slept but little. He was to commence on the following Monday. On Saturday, in company with his mother, he visited a clothing-store, and purchased a suit of clothes. There was not a little staring in the mission-school when the ex-boot-black appeared in his new suit of clothes.

CHAPTER XV.

THOMAS ENDICOTT entered upon the service of Overton & Co., and liked his employers very much. It may be added that not only the members of firm but the clerks were pleased with him. He was willing to perform any work, and was quick and at the same time careful to avoid mistakes.

He had not been long in his position, when one evening his mother asked him with respect about his associates in the store. She enquired into their habits, because she felt a mother's anxieties for her only son. She very well knew that during business hours clerks in stores might be doing that which their employers could desire, and yet be out of the way in their intercourse with each other and with associates out of the store; and for this reason she made enquiries respecting those who were acting as clerks.

Thomas had very little information to impart, because it was not to be expected that the clerks

in a large establishment would take an errand-boy into their confidence till they became well acquainted with him.

"Do you know, Thomas," said Mrs. Endicott, "whether any of the clerks drink?"

"I never saw any of them do so, but I have often seen John Morrison at the corner grocery. He used to be there before I went to Overton & Co.'s, and I have seen him there since quite frequently. I have seen him carry away a black bottle from there very often, and I am afraid he has intoxicating liquor in it."

"I hope, Thomas, you will never drink a drop of anything which can intoxicate."

"You have often said so, mother, and I have thus far complied with your wishes. Now, mother, please tell me why it is that you are so constantly urging me not to drink."

"I cannot answer that question in any better way than to give you some account of the troubles I have passed through. You may ask Humpy to come in and hear it, if she would like. Mrs. Mornay has heard it before now."

Thomas soon appeared with Humpy, and they were ready to listen to Mrs. Endicott.

Her story was as follows: "I was born in

city of —. My father was wealthy, and indulged me in dress, of which I was very fond. He was not a man of much education, and cared for little else except to make money. He was not fond of study, and so spent a large portion of my time in indulging my love of dress and show. My mother was a hard-worked woman, but she would never allow me to do anything about the house, because she wished me to grow up a lady. In later years, I have regretted the great mistake she made in this matter. I have been inured to hard labor in early life, and should have been much better prepared for it than I have had to do for some years past. I grew up a lady. By this I mean that I grew without the least knowledge of any kind of employment by which a livelihood can be gained. I knew that my father had money, and was not foolish enough to suppose that this money would always be where I could have it to use. I was an only child, it is not strange that, from my ignorance of the ups and downs of life, I should suppose that I could always command all the comforts and the luxuries of life. In those days (you may be surprised to hear, but such was the fact) I had a beautiful face,

and this, with the reputed wealth of my father, caused many young people to gather around me, each anxious to secure the first place in my affections. Of my many admirers, it soon became evident that I gave the preference to Mr. Endicott. He was a few years older than myself, and belonged to one of the most respectable families of the city. His parents had once been in affluent circumstances, but had now become comparatively poor. They had given their sons collegiate educations, and their daughters had been placed in the best female schools. Your father, Thomas, had opened a law-office, and was beginning to get some practice. Among his clients was a lady friend of mine, and I often met him at her house, and thus made his acquaintance. We were mutually pleased. My parents made no objection to the union, because they thought it quite an honor to have their only daughter connected in marriage with a family so highly respected, and which was considered among the *élite* of the city. It became evident to me soon after my marriage that the family of my husband did not like the match. They felt that he had lowered himself by wedding a person whom they did not regard

belonging to their set. My husband clung to me. He said that if they declined to associate with me on terms of equality, he should be driven by me, and let them go. The consequence was that a coolness grew up between them and me. Whether he saw that he had made a mistake in going out of the circle in which he had been accustomed to move to obtain a wife, I will not say. I will only say that he never acknowledged this mistake in words; for when his feelings turned against me, he always took my part. Cut off from association with his relations on equal terms, he took to the society of young men of his own age, and spent most of his evenings in the club-room, where liquors were obtained freely. About this time my parents died, and I inherited the property. Feeling that now he had ample resources, your father neglected his business, and gave himself up to idleness and dissipation. He gathered around him a lot of men who were fond of drink. He became a frequent attendant on the races, and lost much money in betting. Almost daily he was intoxicated, and, when not actually drunk, his mind was so muddled that he was not capable of doing any business.

"For his habits of drinking he was indebted in a great measure to his early training. His parents felt that both gentility and hospitality demanded that wine should be put on the table every day. The old-fashioned mahogany side-board stood year after year in the dining-room, always covered with decanters. When I was married, I knew your father occasionally took a glass of wine; but this excited no fears on my part, because I knew it was fashionable in the circle in which he moved.

"His habits grew worse and worse. Night after night he was brought home drunk. I was in hopes that, after you were born, Tommy, you would draw him away from his evil courses; but this was not to be. True, occasionally he would take some notice of you, but, for the most part, you and I were left alone.

"When you were three years old, the calamity I had long dreaded came. Your father died in one of his drunken sprees, and you and I were left alone in the world. Your grandparents showed us no consideration nor kindness in our troubles. They took the ground, and, as I understood, circulated the report, that it was for want of congenial society at home that your father took to drinking.

‘After the funeral, I took out letters of administration, that I might settle the estate. I then found that the property I had inherited was meagre, and that the house in which I lived was under mortgages so heavy that I knew I could never redeem it again. My silver and my wardrobe, and a few ornaments, were all I could call my own. I sold the household furniture, and all my beds and bedding, except one for myself, and used the money in the payment of debts.

“Thus, nearly penniless, I was thrown upon the world. Feeling that my boy had a claim upon his father’s friends, and that they would regard him with kindness, even though they did not treat me kindly, I appealed to them. It was in vain. I then determined to leave that place. I came here. I had no friends in town. I had once seen in — the lady who is now the wife of the mayor of the city, and, after I rented these rooms, I applied to her for work. She was thankful that she did not recognize me. She only told her I had once seen better days, and now wished to gain a livelihood for myself and myself. She gave me employment, and recommended me to others; and thus I have always had as much to do as I have had strength

to perform. I have often gone beyond my strength ; and, though now only in middle life, I feel, in a measure, broken down.

“You will now perceive, Thomas, why I have always cautioned you not to use intoxicating drinks. When you were a babe, your father wished to feed you the sugar from the bottom of the tumblers which had contained liquor ; but I always stood between you and him in this matter. I was determined that you should never become a drunkard through any agency of my own.”

“Mother,” said Thomas, “are father’s parents still living ?”

“I presume they are. I have never heard of their deaths.”

“Have you not seen them since you left —— ?”

“No ; I have never had any communication with them. They probably do not know where I am. If they did, I know of no reason why they should treat me any differently now than they did a dozen or more years ago.

“I have, in many respects, had a sad life. I hope these various trials have been sanctified to me. Perhaps, if your father’s friends had re-

and me with open arms, I should not have been driven by my troubles to take refuge in the arms of the blessed Jesus. In him I have found rest. Formerly, my heart was bitter—how bitter—against your father's family; but that has all passed away. I have tried to pray for them. I hope God will yet lead them to repentance. For myself I care but little; but for you, Tommy, I do care, and would be glad to have them treat you well."

"I don't think, mother, I shall ever trouble you. I hope God will give me the ability to take care of myself. On one point my mind is made up: I will never drink a drop of anything that can intoxicate."

"I hope, my son, you will be able to keep your resolution. You must not, however, trust in your own strength; for you, like all others, are liable to fall into temptation."

"We may add here that the Endicotts of ——— were very much surprised that their relative had quietly and effectually slipped out of sight. They knew not where she was, nor what had become of her and her child. Their consciences were not exactly at ease when they remembered the manner in which they had treated her.

Sometimes they thought of instituting enquiries with regard to her ; but this, they thought, would be a practical confession of their guilt in the premises. They always spoke of the "unfortunate" marriage of their son ; and hoped the best for his widow and child, in case they should be living, but made no serious attempts to discover her residence or to learn what her circumstances were. They took it for granted that, if living, she must be poor, and they had the same horror of "poor relations" which is felt by others who move in fashionable circles.

After hearing the story of Mrs. Endicott, Humpty went to her room. She found she had now a new interest in the washerwoman, and daily from her heart went up petitions in her behalf. She had, in her experience, an illustration of the fact that, in order to pray feelingly and effectively for others, it is necessary to know their wants.

CHAPTER XVI.



UMPY and her grandmother and father went on for months without much change, excepting that her father became more frequently intoxicated. The inner grocery had now become a place of constant resort. Every evening was spent there, and the carousals were generally prolonged to a late hour. He earned less money than formerly, and of what he earned a smaller sum was expended for the support of his family than when he came to the city. In consequence of his disqualification, they were in straitened circumstances. Mrs. Mornay was unable to perform such labor as Mrs. Endicott did, owing to the infirmities of age; still, she could use her needle, and, through the intervention of Mr. Overton, she got work from one of the shops, and made coarse garments. The price was not very remunerative, but it assisted the family to some extent. Thomas Endicott was still employed by Mr. Overton in his establishment, and was a great

favorite in the store. He was deferential to his superiors, and kind to his equals. He was active, prompt, correct, and at the same time obliging to all. His salary was only about sufficient to pay his board. He and Humpy still attended the mission-school. This had become quite flourishing, and so much interest had been awakened that a new building had been erected, and a city missionary held religious services every Sabbath evening, and also a prayer-meeting during the week.

In a former chapter it was stated that Captain George Mornay had undertaken to find his mother and brother, but that, before success had attended his efforts, he had sailed for San Francisco. He made his voyage, and returned. He and most of his men were once more inmates of the Sailors' Home. In the Home he heard that there was a mission-school in one of the streets not far away. He had visited such schools in other ports, and determined to visit this. His tall and manly form arrested the attention of the superintendent as soon as he entered the room. Thomas Endicott noticed him, and looked at Humpy on the other side of the room, and tried to direct her attention to the stranger; but

was too much absorbed in her lessons to
any notice of him

er the lessons were recited, the superin-
nt made some remarks, and added :

perceive a stranger present, and if he has
rd to say for Christ and to those engaged in
ring the Word of God, we should be happy
ear from him."

pon this, Captain Mornay arose, and made a
address. He said :

I am not accustomed to speak before so
7 persons. When on shipboard, I feel no
urassment in speaking to my crew ; but
are so many who are in the morning of
that I don't know how to address them. I
glad you are here, my young friends. You
ill soon to go out into the world, and make
voyage of life. Let me entreat you to take
best kinds of stores. Lay in a good stock
ible. You don't know how soon it will be
ed. I shipped a hand once who was appa-
y one of the most reckless men I ever saw.
was dreadfully profane. He was taken sick.
ent to his berth, down in the forecastle. I
v enough about his symptoms to perceive
he was in great danger, and, sailor-like, I

told him so. He was greatly alarmed, and said he was not prepared to die. Then he told me that when he was a boy he attended Sunday-school, and there learned a good deal of the Bible; but that he got led away by evil companions, and paid no heed to the instructions he had received. I had no need to instruct him. He knew as much about repentance and faith theoretically as I did. I thought it best to let his memory and his conscience do the work. At length the fever turned, and it was then surprising to hear him repeat chapter after chapter of the Bible, and it was very gratifying to hear him apply these truths to himself. He became a Christian. His conversion I have always attributed to the Spirit of God in connection with Bible truths committed to memory when a child. I have mentioned this circumstance to encourage teachers to persevere in their labors of love, even though they may not see such immediate results as they desire. The seed cast on the waters may spring up after many days. I have mentioned this fact to these children to encourage them to improve the present time, and lay in a good stock of religious knowledge. You may be assured it will be a benefit to you in

subsequent life. I hope you will not do as my sailor-friend did—act contrary to these instructions for years—but that you will early in life become followers of Jesus Christ as dear children.”

On their way home from the school, Thomas indicott said to Humpy: “Who do you think that man was who told us the story about the sailor?”

“I am sure I don’t know. The superintendent did not mention his name.”

“I know he didn’t. I wish he had. I think I can guess who he is.”

“Who do you guess he is?”

“I guess his name is Mornay.”

Before Humpy could ask him why he thought so, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a voice said, “Why do you think so, my lad?”

Thomas looked up to see who had spoken, and saw Captain Mornay. Surprise so overcame him that he could not speak.

The captain repeated his question, “Why do you think it was Mr. Mornay who addressed the school?”

“Because, sir—,” and then he hesitated.

“Because what?”

“Because I think I saw you once last year.”

"Where did you see me last year?"

"On the corner of Columbia Street and Highland Place. I think I blacked your boots, and those of several sailors who were with you."

"Then you are the boy that blacked the boots of my crew and myself?"

"Yes, sir."

"I remember that circumstance; but why that should make you think I am Mr. Mornay I cannot imagine, unless you heard some of the crew call me by my name."

"I didn't hear any of them call you anything except captain."

"I don't see, then, how you should think I am Captain Mornay, just because I got you to black my boots."

"It was the sound of your voice, sir. It sounds like the voice of a man of the same name."

"Do you know a man by the name of Mornay?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know his Christian name?"

"Yes, sir. It is Charles. This little girl is his daughter."

Captain Mornay did not say whether Thomas had guessed right or not respecting his name.

asked him, "Do you know what this Mr. Ormay's business is?"

"Yes, sir. He works in a car-shop."

"And this is his little daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"My little miss, what is your name?"

"Caroline, though the children call me Humpy, cause my back is crooked."

"Caroline is a pretty name. I had a sister once by that name. I loved her more than any one else. But she is dead."

He paused a moment, and then said, "Have you far to go?"

"No, sir. Only around to Highland Place."

"You must be tired. When you get home, you must sit down in your little chair, and rest your head on your mother's lap."

"My mother is dead, sir."

"Who takes care of you, then?"

"Grandmother."

"Is she your father's mother, or your mother's mother?"

"She is father's mother."

"I would like to see her very much; for I wish to make some enquiries of her respecting family I used to know. If you have no objec-

tion, I will go home with you now. When we go in, you can say, 'Grandmother, here is a gentleman that spoke in the mission-school, who wants to see you for a few moments.' Then I would like to have you leave the room, and I can talk awhile with her."

They soon reached the house. Humpty opened the door, and said, "Grandmother, here is a gentleman come to see you a few moments," and then she passed up into the room occupied by Mrs. Endicott and her son.

Captain Mornay entered the room. Charles Mornay lay on a lounge fast asleep, and the fumes of his breath clearly indicated that it was the sleep of the drunkard.

Mrs. Mornay arose, and handed the captain a chair. He took in at a glance the state of things in the family. Here was an aged mother with a drunken son and a crippled grandchild.

He changed the tones of his voice to some extent, and commenced by saying that he had lately returned from California, and wished to find out something about some acquaintances of his. He had heard that a man by the name of Mornay lived in that house, and he thought it had occurred that perhaps he was some connec

tion of a family of that name with whom he was acquainted when a boy.

Mrs. Mornay did not in the least suspect that the stalwart man with full beard and moustache was the same person who, when a stripling, had left her roof. She said, "If I can give you any information concerning the person of whom you are in search, I should be glad. How long since you saw the family you mention?"

"Several years, madam."

"You say the name was Mornay?"

"Yes, madam; I am quite sure that is the name."

"Where did this family reside?"

"In —, New Hampshire."

"Which member of the family did you wish to enquire about?"

"I remember them all. I have understood that the father and daughter are dead. The last account I had was that the mother and one son were living, and that another son went off to sea. The one that went to sea bore the name of George, I think."

"I suppose, sir, I belong to the family you mention; I lived in —, New Hampshire. The children answer to your description."

"Can you tell me, madam, where the boys are? I call them boys, though they must be men now."

"That is Charles, sir, on the lounge."

"He is? I should not have known him. And you are his mother?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am afraid, madam, you have seen trouble; for I am sure that in you I should scarcely recognize the fresh-looking and handsome matron that I saw when a boy. Can you tell me, madam, where George is?"

"No, sir, I cannot. I have an impression that he is alive, but I do not know certainly."

"I think I heard that he went away because he and his father could not agree."

"Yes, sir."

"Did your husband get over his hard feelings?"

"Oh! yes, sir. He told me to tell George, if I ever saw him, that if he could see him he would forgive him, and ask his forgiveness in return."

"He exhibited a very proper state of mind."

"Yes, sir; it was a great satisfaction to me to hear him say so."

"Your son must have been gratified to hear it."

"He has never heard it yet."

"What! madam, do I understand you to say that you have never heard anything from George Mornay since he left you, so many years ago?"

"I have never heard from him. I sometimes think he must be living, and wonder that I don't see him. Then I think he is dead. My prevailing feeling is that he is alive, and I daily pray that I may see him before I leave the world."

"I am quite sure God hears prayers; I hope he will hear yours."

Upon this the captain took up his hat, as though he was about to leave. He said: "I thank you, madam, for this conversation. I want to see Charles Mornay, but he is in no situation to give me any information. I will call again to-morrow."

He then put out his hand, as though he would shake hands before going. She extended hers in return, and he grasped it, and then he said:

"I am George. Mother, don't you know me?"

We will not attempt to describe what followed. They talked till late in the evening. Before bed-time, Charles Mornay awoke from

his sleep ; and when he learned who was there, he went to the cupboard and brought out his junk-bottle, and offered his brother a drink. This, of course, the captain refused.

The mother and son had each the history of many years to relate, and at a late hour Captain Mornay reached the Sailors' Home, feeling joy that he had found his mother, and sorrow at the condition of his only brother.

During the evening, it became known in the apartments of Mrs. Endicott that Mrs. Mornay's long-absent son had been found, and the latter received the congratulations of the former. Thomas was apparently as much rejoiced as Humpy over the arrival of her uncle. He was cordially thanked by Mrs. Mornay for being the means by which the meeting had been brought about. She thanked God more earnestly still. She saw that it was his doing that that boy should have stood at the corner of Highland Place just at the moment when her son and his crew were passing up the street. It was he that inclined the captain to have his boots polished. It was he that caused the voices of her two sons to be similar, and Thomas to notice and remember the similarity between them. He

as that directed the feet of the captain to mission-school, and at the close of the exercises led him to take the same direction with mas and Humpy. Too long had Mrs. Morbeen in the school of Christ not to notice these things. She was too grateful for the blessings she received not to thank God that he had brought her son back to her embrace.

CHAPTER XVII.



WHEN Captain George Mornay left his mother on Sabbath evening, he fully intended to call again on Monday evening; but his business was so pressing that he did not find time to do so. When engaged in his own affairs, he could not but ask himself, "What can I do for mother, Charles, and the little girl?" He had seen that Charles was not promoting the comfort of either the mother or child. One thing he did not know. His mother did not inform him that she toiled hard from the shops to do, and thus supplied herself with some comforts that she otherwise would not have had. He had seen enough, however, to convince him that as long as his father was in the habit of constant intoxication, he would not do much more than supply his wants. He could also very easily foresee that he pursued this course of drinking much longer his employer would not retain his services in the car-shop, because his frequent fits of intoxication

would render him so unreliable that he could not be depended upon. He believed that, in case he should be discharged for this cause, it would not be an easy matter for him to find another situation. His mother had assured him that he was a skilful workman, and capable of taking the head of a shop, and that he would probably have been promoted to this position had he kept sober.

His mind was on this subject during the day, and often he found his thoughts over in Highland Place when they should, perhaps, have been on his business.

Charles Mornay heard his promise that he would call on Monday, and, ashamed that his brother had found him intoxicated, he determined that during Monday he would drink sparingly. It was not till evening that the captain could find time to call again at Highland Place. It was a great gratification to find his brother sober, and they had a long and interesting conversation. George related some of the incidents of his seafaring life, and Humpy was so much interested that she obtained the consent of her grandmother to sit up an hour or two later than usual. He told them, also, how he became a Christian, and

had erected an altar on board his vessel, and of the great changes which had taken place in the habits of those under his care. He told how much greater was his own enjoyment and that of his men, now that they had all put their names to the temperance pledge. On shipboard all was quiet, and the sailors could go on shore, and come on board again perfectly sober. Charles Mornay had sense enough to perceive that these statements were made in particular for his benefit; but he asked no questions and made no remarks. He thought it very likely that the captain would produce a temperance pledge, and urge him to sign it. He had determined within himself that he would not do such a thing. He would not sign away his liberty. He could drink, or he could let it alone. He would not be dictated to by his brother or by anybody else. Captain Mornay knew the disposition of his brother so well that he made no proposition to him to sign the pledge that night. He thought it wise to make haste slowly, and to gain by gentle means what he could not secure by a resort to harsh measures.

After talking awhile in the strain indicated, the captain enquired what rent he paid for his

ms. He also asked what his wages were at shop. These questions were promptly answered; and then he said, "Charles, you must be to practise considerable economy to support her, and yourself, and little Carrie on a sum small?"

"Yes; and I have sometimes threatened to leave my position, and seek another place where I can get greater wages. I don't think the boss would do the fair thing. He told me years ago that he should probably place me in a more responsible position, and pay me more wages. He hasn't done it. Once in a while I get in a passion, and I tell him I will quit. He always advises me not to do so. He says the time may come when I shall wish me to take the head of the shop. But he coaxes me along; and I am just foolish enough to be coaxed, and so I stay, and keep working."

"Well, Charles, if you consider it foolish to be coaxed, I am glad you are wise enough to listen to the advice of your boss. He knows very well that your family need all you can earn, and that, if you were to flare up and leave him, you would find it no easy matter to obtain another position where you could do any better. I

would advise you to remain where you are till something more advantageous shall be offered, and in the meantime make the most economical use of your earnings."

The next day Mr. Overton called in at the office of Smith, Jones & Co., and was introduced to Captain Mornay. He had heard through Thomas Endicott that a sea-captain had made some remarks in the mission-school, and that the same man proved to be the son of Widow Mornay, in Highland Place. He was glad to make his acquaintance. They had a long and interesting conversation. After the captain learned that Mr. Overton was an acquaintance of his mother and brother and child, he was particularly free in his remarks. He saw in Mr. Overton a man several years his senior, and by his remarks was impressed with the fact that he had a large share of common sense, and he asked him what course he should pursue to reclaim his brother. He added :

"It is easily to be seen that he is injuring his health, and that his conduct is wearing upon my mother ; and I don't feel as though I could leave this port again without doing something for the benefit of the family. If I should put

ey into his hands, with his present habits, would spend it all for liquor, and would be much away from his work that his employer would discharge him. If I should put money in the hands of my mother, and he by any means should find it out, he would give her none till he got possession of it. At my mother's time of life, she should be free from all anxiety; she should have enough to supply her wants. If my brother were a sober man, there would be no difficulty. I could add to his earnings some of my own, and thus my mother be placed in comfortable circumstances."

Whither are you bound on your next voyage?"

"I am going to China."

Do you take any liquor on board, in the cabin, fore-cabin, or hold?"

No, sir, except a little in the medicine-chest."

Could you find anything for your brother to do on board the ship?"

Yes; I am one hand short. My brother is too old to break in as a green hand."

He may not be a very efficient hand at first; you can make something of him?"

"Yes, I presume I could."

"In your shipping articles, do the men promise to abstain from intoxicating drinks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I think your vessel is just the place for him. If he goes as a hand, he will feel better than if he went as a passenger. I shall be much surprised if he does not return a wiser and a better man."

"Would you be willing to propose this matter to him?"

"Yes, certainly."

"I think if he could be induced to apply to me for a berth on shipboard, it would have a better influence than for me to urge him."

"Perhaps so. I will run in at your mother's to-night as soon as I get my supper, and later in the evening you can come, and perhaps the matter can be arranged."

Accordingly, that evening Mr. Overton called at Mr. Mornay's. He was glad to find him perfectly sober. He felt that while his brother George was in town, he was placed, as it were, upon his good behavior.

After some general conversation, Mr. Overton spoke on the subject of temperance. He had

often talked with Charles on this subject. In previous conversations, Mr. Mornay had always taken the ground that he was able to take care of himself, and that he could drink or let it alone. This evening he was willing to confess that he felt his weakness. He added :

“Mr. Overton, if it had not been for that corner grocery, I should not have been where I am now.”

“Why don’t you keep away from it, then?”

“Yes, why don’t I? Ay, there is the rub! Years ago I could, and often did; but now it is a hard struggle, unless I take a drink at home before I start, for me to go by that corner without stopping.”

“Perhaps if you should remove to some other part of the city, you would feel less temptation than here.”

“Alas! sir, there is a corner grocery almost everywhere.”

“I am sorry to say this is too true.”

Then, looking up, as though a new idea had struck his mind, he said :

“I have thought of something you can do.”

“What is that?”

“You can go to sea. Ask your brother to

take you as a hand on board his vessel, and go a voyage with him."

"Pshaw! I don't believe he would take a greenhorn like me."

"I would ask him, at any rate. That will do no hurt."

"I don't like to do it."

"May I ask him, papa?" said Caroline.

"Yes, for what I care."

Footsteps were heard on the stairs, and Caroline said:

"That is Uncle George."

Her declaration was true. He had hardly taken a seat before the little girl said:

"Uncle George, will you take papa to sea with you?"

"Certainly, sis, if he wishes to go. But what will you and grandma do if your papa goes away?"

"I will be a real good girl, and I know grandma will be a good woman."

Then, turning to his brother, he said:

"Charlie, is it your wish to go a voyage with me?"

"Yes."

"You know, Charlie, what a condition I found

last Sabbath; and I want you to understand on my vessel we do not carry anything that can intoxicate. I am afraid you will turn yourself back many a time."

"Perhaps I shall. One thing is certain—I have to go by the corner grocery. I am better off without liquor than with it when I get where it is, I cannot resist temptation to drink."

An arrangement was made for Charles Morgan to go to China. Half his wages were to be set aside for the support of his mother and sister. The captain said he would put as much more with it. This money was put into the hands of Mr. Overton, and to him Mrs. Morgan was to apply for all she should need.

"Don't scrimp yourself, mother," said the

"When that is gone, Mr. Overton is obliged to go to Smith, Jones & Co. for anything you may want."

CHAPTER XVIII.



RS. MORNAY thought that on the whole the best thing that could be done was for her son Charles to go a voyage to China. Had the captain been a person of different personal habits, she would not have so readily given her consent. She knew, however, that her son George was anxious for his brother's welfare, and that he would watch over him carefully.

By the time the vessel had received her cargo, Charles Mornay had made all necessary arrangements to be absent. Indeed, there was but little for him to do. The captain deposited with Smith, Jones & Co. a sum of money amply sufficient to supply the wants of his mother and niece, and authorized that firm to accept all drafts on them by Mr. Overton. It was arranged that Mr. Overton should see that the rent of the rooms was paid, and that he should, through Thomas Endicott, also see that she was supplied with fuel. She was told that when-

er she needed money, she could call on Mr. erton, or send word to him by Thomas.

When all the arrangements were completed, and Charles Mornay had purchased his sea-tog-ry, he found his way on board ship, and she nled out into the stream, ready to sail as soon a favorable wind should blow.

The parting between the friends was tender. eorge and his mother were hopeful respecting e effects of the voyage upon Charles. Humpy is sad to have her father leave her, and yet e, too, could not doubt that it was all for the st.

After the departure of her sons, Mrs. Mornay as lonely; and yet in many respects she was ore comfortably situated than ever before. Her ants were abundantly supplied. She was with-ut the society of her children, but she had a nfident hope that they were doing well. She as hopeful that the course pursued would re-ult favorably in respect to her son Charles, id that he would return thoroughly reformed.

Never having been at sea before, Charles had ie usual amount of sea-sickness. For the first eek he did but little on board the vessel; but y that time he recovered from the nausea,

and got his sea-legs on, and was of some use in managing the ship.

It was quite an act of self-denial for him to do without his accustomed stimulus. He knew that others had done so, and for this reason did not believe that abstinence from the use of strong drink would be any detriment to him. He saw many days, however, when it seemed to him that, in case he had wings, he would soar away into the sky, and alight, if possible, at the corner grocery, and go in and take a sea with his boon companions. One day he stood leaning against the capstan, apparently in deep meditation, when one of the sailors slapped him on the back, and said, "A fig for your thought Mornay."

Thus rallied, he said, "I was thinking of old times when I was at home. I was thinking how good some of Williams's liquor would taste, and how pleasant it would be to be there, and drink and smoke as of old."

"Yes, I know how you feel. When on board ship, raw hands are apt to call to mind the scenes on land. The winds carry us still further from one port, but they drive us toward some other. Sailors soon cease to dwell re-

ch on the past. They live on hope. Were not for this, the heart would break. I trust I will soon cease to dwell on the scenes of anchery in which you have heretofore mingled. Fill up the time with active duties. Read good books, especially the Bible, and you will soon find less hankering for the scenes in which you formerly took part."

During the voyage, Charles availed himself of the privilege of perusing the books in the ship's library, kindly furnished by the Seamen's Friends' Society. The books were entertaining and useful. He had not been accustomed to spend much time in reading while at home, but now he found it a great comfort to get hold of a good book.

The captain took great pains to interest him in these things. He knew that the spell which his former habits and associates had thrown over him could be broken in this way more effectually than in any other.

He noticed that when meetings were held on Sabbath, and prayers were offered in the evening on week-day evenings, his brother was more present and more attentive. He observed that the Bible was oftener in his hands, and that it

was more carefully read. This gave him great joy. It encouraged him to pray that the Spirit of the Lord might take of the things of God and reveal them to him. He well knew that the heart of man is naturally alienated from God, and that the divine Spirit alone can cure this alienation. He knew that the will of his brother was naturally averse to seeking the things of the kingdom, and that this will could be subdued only by the influences of the Holy Spirit. He prayed earnestly that this Spirit might come with great power upon him. He felt an assurance that these prayers would not be in vain, but that God would hear and answer. He was not as much surprised as he was gratified to see indications of seriousness on the part of his brother. He saw now and then a tear fall upon the sacred page while he was reading. He did not, however, think it best to speak to him regarding his feelings. His interest was so intense that he could scarcely contain himself. He had before now watched the spider throwing thread after thread over a fly that had ventured within his web. So now he could witness how God was throwing one influence after another over the heart of his bro-

ther, and he dared not utter a word, lest he might arouse a spirit of opposition which would lead him to snap asunder the silken cords with which God would bind him.

Here we would remark that it is sometimes well for Christians to maintain silence when it has become evident that God is working in the hearts of their impenitent friends, lest, by speaking to them before they are very deeply impressed, it should arouse opposition.

The captain talked little, but prayed earnestly. He rejoiced with trembling, because he knew how strangely and perversely men will sometimes act. He knew there is "a time to keep silence and a time to speak."

One night, after religious worship in the cabin, in which the captain earnestly prayed that any who were bound down by the chains of sin might be released, as the men were slowly ascending the companion-way, Charles Morney stopped, and said:

"George—or I should say captain—can I have a word or two with you?"

"Certainly. Sit down, my brother."

After all had left the cabin except the two brothers, the captain said:

"Well, Charlic, what is it?"

"My sin is ever before me. I can't get away from it."

"What sin do you mean?"

"I mean the sin of drunkenness in particular; but my whole life stands before me all the time, and my conscience reproaches me for having done wrong. When I read the Bible, I am continually coming upon something to remind me of my past evil deeds. When I am here in the cabin attending worship, I keep thinking over my past life. When I am on deck or in the forecastle, it is just the same. I have tried to throw off my convictions; but I find everything I do in this respect only furnishes my conscience with another sting."

"I am rejoiced to find you in this state of mind," said the captain. "I have noticed for some time that your mind was impressed. I trust God will grant you deliverance from all your troubles. He has given his Son to die for us, and if you will believe in him, you can find peace."

"I don't understand these things," said Charles. "If you can explain them, I should be glad."

‘Don’t you remember the old school-house
our native place?’”

‘Yes.’”

So do I; and I remember a circumstance
which occurred there that illustrates the sub-
ject under consideration. The teacher kept
record of all failures in recitation and of

wrong conduct, and on the last day
of school he wrote the name of each pupil
on the black-board, and the number of
wrong marks against him or her. While he

was out at mid-day recess, one of the boys,
whose name stood a large number of
wrong marks, went to the black-board, and erased the
marks. This boy had been looking at these

marks during all the forenoon, and was deter-
mined that they should not stand against him
the afternoon, when a large number of visit-
ers would be present. On entering the school in

the afternoon, the teacher noticed in an instant
what had taken place. ‘Who did that?’ said

Every one was silent for a while; but at
length a little girl told. The teacher then said:
‘No one has a right to erase those marks ex-
cept myself, or unless authorized by me.’ I
have always remembered it. God only can blot

out our sins. He has authorized his Son to do it. He has shed his blood for our sins. Whoever will look to him by faith can find pardon. You say your sin is ever before you. If you can only place Jesus Christ between you and your sin, you will see it no longer. He can blot out your many transgressions."

"Do you suppose he will save such a sinner as I am?"

"Yes, brother; a thousand times yes! If you will only trust in him and repent of sin, he will grant you answers of mercy. He will blot out your transgressions, and grant you peace in believing."

"But I have nothing to recommend me to his favor."

"Yes, you have. Your sinful and lost condition will assuredly recommend you to his compassion. He came to seek and to save the lost. If you feel that without him you must be lost, you can be confident of his willingness to save you. Believe, and you shall be saved. Believe in God's promises. Trust in Christ as a personal Saviour. Believe he is able to save and willing to save, and you will find him ready to bless you. It will afford me great satisfaction

have you become a Christian. I will pray you. Will you pray for yourself?"

There, in mid-ocean, in the cabin of that vessel these two brothers bowed together at the throne of grace. God revealed himself to them. During the watch below of that night, Charles and mercy; and when it was his watch on deck, he could look abroad on the starry heavens, saying with the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." When he cast his eye on the broad expanse of water which surrounded him on all sides, he could not help saying, "The sea is his, and he made it."

CHAPTER XIX.



R. OVERTON was left in charge of Mrs. Mornay and Caroline. This duty he discharged with great fidelity. As Thomas Endicott lived under the same roof with them, he authorized him to keep an eye on them, and to notify him if he saw them to be in need of anything in the way of provisions or fuel. Thomas was glad of an excuse for going in nearly every evening to sit awhile with them. Mr. Overton himself called occasionally, and so did Mrs. Overton. One reason for this was that Mrs. Mornay was naturally rather reserved, and had been so long in the habit of denying herself many even of the necessities of life, rather than ask her son to furnish them, that she was not forward to ask for what was really needful for herself and her granddaughter. The child was fond of reading, and her wants in this respect were quite well supplied from the library of the mission-school. When the weather was too cold or too stormy

her to venture out, she sent her books to the library by Thomas, and allowed him to select for her. Occasionally she perused those taken from him in his own name; so that, between the two, she had all the reading she needed. Had not been that active exercise was painful to her, her grandmother would not have allowed her to spend so much time over her books, because it would have been better for her bodily health to have stirred around more.

Mr. Overton and his wife found that Mrs. Mornay was fearful of using the funds upon which she was authorized to draw, and, seeing that she needed some furs and a cloak to make her comfortable, and that the same things were needful for Caroline, determined to get up a Christmas-tree. Mr. Overton authorized Thomas to go to one of the shops, and purchase a small tree, and put it up in his mother's room. Mrs. Mornay and Humpy were to know nothing about it. On the evening of the 23d of December, Thomas brought the tree home, and Mrs. Endicott left early on the 24th to work for a lady, and did not return till about dusk. He entered into the work with great zest. She wanted to give Mrs. Mornay and Caroline a

good surprise. She went so far as to purchase something for each of them. Thomas did the same. It must be confessed, however, that both mother and son depended principally upon Mr. and Mrs. Overton to provide the presents.

About half-past seven o'clock on the evening of December 24, Mr. and Mrs. Overton arrived. They brought a large basket filled with various articles. Thomas's eyes sparkled when he found that Mrs. Mornay and his young friend were to be so amply remembered. Mrs. Endicott showed them their purchases for their neighbors. Mrs. Overton then proposed that Mrs. Endicott and Thomas should pass into Mrs. Mornay's room, and remain awhile, so that they could arrange the tree without being interrupted by the coming either of the old lady or the child.

Mr. and Mrs. Overton told them that, as soon as they had arranged the tree, they would come and rap at Mrs. Mornay's door, as though they had just come from home, and then Thomas was to go to his mother's apartment, and find the tree there, and then invite all to come and see it.

Mr. and Mrs. Overton worked nimbly, and then put on their outer garments, and rapped at Mrs. Mornay's door. Thomas was near the

door, and opened it. Mr. Overton said, "Ah! Thomas, are you here? How do you do, Mrs. Mornay?"

Mrs. Overton spoke to them all, and Thomas was about to leave, when Mrs. Mornay said, "You need not go, Thomas. I presume Mr. Overton has no desire for privacy."

"Oh! no, not in the least. It is Christmas eve, and Mrs. Overton and myself thought we would come and see you awhile."

"I am very glad you came. I suppose you have not heard anything from my boys yet?"

"No, madam. I was at Smith, Jones & Co.'s to-day. I enquired whether they had heard. They said they had not. They did not expect to yet for some time, unless some vessel should happen to meet them. The China trade is rather dull just now, and vessels do not sail so frequently as they did at one time."

"I feel very anxious to hear."

"Yes, I suppose so. It is very natural that you should."

"Except this little granddaughter, they are all there are left me who are near of kin."

"You may be assured, madam, that you are not without friends."

"I cannot doubt it, sir, when I call to mind how very kind you and Mrs. Overton have been to me."

While this conversation was going on, Thomas left the room, and soon came back and opened the door a little and said, "Mother."

Mrs. Endicott went to her own apartments, but soon returned, and said, "Mrs. Mornay, I do not like to interrupt your pleasant conversation, but I have something in my room I would like to have you and Carrie see."

"Have you any objection to our going in also?" said Mr. Overton.

"Oh! no, not in the least. I was intending to invite you and Mrs. Overton."

They soon found their way into the room. There stood the tree, with several packages fastened to the limbs. Mrs. Endicott asked them to be seated, and requested Mr. and Mrs. Overton to lay aside their outer garments. After they had done so, she said to him: "You and Mrs. Overton know more about this tree than I do, and I would like to have you take the packages, and hand them to those for whom they are designed."

Mr. Overton did so. The first package he laid

hand on was directed, "For mother, from mmy." It proved to be a dress-pattern, and s admired by all. Mrs. Endicott was greatly prised, because she was not expecting anyng of the kind. The next was marked, "Mrs. rnay," and proved to be a very acceptable sent from Mrs. Endicott. Intrinsically it was no great value; but it cost labor and some denial on the part of the giver. The next s a present from Tommy to Humpy. This s a very pretty scarf, and was thankfully reved. Then came a cloak for Mrs. Mornay n Mr. and Mrs. Overton. Then a set of s for the same, with the best wishes of ith, Jones & Co. The next present was Humpy, and consisted of a small cape and ff from Mr. and Mrs. Overton.

Thomas and his mother had enjoyed the surse manifested by their friends on receiving the s. Two packages were still attached to the s; one of them proved to be a handsome wl for Mrs. Endicott, and the other a stout rcoat for Thomas. These presents were made Mr. and Mrs. Overton.

They had scarcely finished removing the articles m the tree, when they heard a heavy tread on

the stairs. Soon came a rousing knock at the door. Thomas opened the door, and the man asked : "Does Mrs. Endicott live here?"

"Yes, sir; will you walk in, sir?"

Mr. Overton spoke, and said, "Walk in, all right."

Before entering, the man sang out to some one below-stairs, "All right, Jim; this is the place."

He then walked in with a basket on his arm, and stepped up to the table and took out a large plate of sandwiches, some buns, a nice loaf of cake, and a plate of cheese. By this time his companion had reached the landing, bringing a tin can containing ice-cream, and a basket with saucers and spoons. These persons proved to be a confectioner and his assistant, whom Mr. Overton had employed to come on that evening. After they had been seated, Mr. Overton said: "Mr. Peters, I trust you had no difficulty in finding the house."

"I knew before, sir, where Highland Place opened into Columbia Street, but I never was in here before. I could not see on which side of the Place the odd numbers are, owing to the dimness of the lights. I met a man who hap-

ened to know which house Mrs. Endicott lived in. The fact is, sir, I forgot whether you said I should keep on the right-hand or left-hand side when coming from the street."

While this conversation was going on, Mrs. Overton had the things arranged on the table, and then called on Thomas to pass each one a plate, and then the man passed the sandwiches. Mr. Overton was himself very glad to have the assistance of Thomas. When it was time to serve the cream, he took the matter in hand. It was amusing to Thomas and Caroline to see how deftly he handled the spoon, and with how little labor he fashioned each saucer of the cream in a form different from any that had preceded it. It was like clay in the hand of the potter, and we venture to say it tasted far better.

After partaking of refreshments, Mr. and Mrs. Overton took their leave, not, however, till they had received a great many thanks for their kindness to their humble friends.

The day after Christmas, Mr. Overton was in his counting-room, and saw in the morning paper, under the head of shipping intelligence, that the ship *Enterprise* had arrived from Canton, and spoke of brig *Inez*, all well. He called Thomas, and said :

"You can run home and tell Mrs. Mornay that a ship has arrived from China, and that the captain met her son's ship, and that all were well. She is anxious to hear, and you can go at once."

In the course of the forenoon a boy came in with an envelope directed to Mr. Overton.

"Where did you get this, my lad?"

"Smith, Jones & Co. sent it here."

On opening it, Mr. Overton found a letter for himself, and one for Mrs. Mornay.

"Here, Thomas, you can go home again, and carry this letter."

Humpty sat where she could look towards Columbia Street, and was the first to see Thomas. She said, "Grandma, Tommy is coming again; I hope they have not heard any bad news."

She had scarcely got through the sentence when Thomas reached the house, and opened the door without stopping to rap, and handed Mrs. Mornay the letter.

This was the first letter she had ever received from one of her children. From her sailor-boy she had no letter during long years of separation, and from Charles she had never been separated, except for a few days at a time, till he had started on this voyage.

he opened the envelope with trembling hands, and eagerly devoured its contents. She had two letters instead of one. It is not necessary to give these letters at length. The letter from Captain Mornay was full of gratitude toward for his kindness to him personally, and for his favor to his brother. He related to his mother the events recorded in a previous letter.

Charles Mornay's letter was of a different type. It was almost entirely the language of affection to his mother and daughter. He begged their forgiveness for the manner in which he had treated them. "But, mother," he added, "I was not Charlie, but rum, that did it. I now see how I was led away and deceived by the destroyer." He then stated that he had his mother's God had become his God, that he was fully determined to serve him. He added: "If I can keep God within me, and God outside, I shall be kept in the future from going as in the past. I can assure you I had no conception of the strength of the appetite, I know that by my own arm I never could have conquered. God was my helper, and to be all the praise."

CHAPTER XX.




FEW days after the letters came from the two Mr. Mornays, giving intelligence so gratifying as that mentioned in the last chapter, Mrs. Mornay told her granddaughter that she might write a letter to her father.

With some reluctance she undertook it. The reluctance arose partly from the fact that she had had but little instruction in penmanship. Since Thomas Endicott had entered the store of Mr. Overton, he had acquired a very fair hand in writing, and he had given Humpy some instructions. It was her first attempt to write anything without a copy, and, indeed, her first attempt at composition. It is not strange that she made mistakes; but these her father was ready to overlook.

We might give the letter at length, but will only give the substance of it. She spoke of the Christmas festivities, and of the nice presents

received, and how thankful she was that she had given her such kind friends. She attended the mission-school, and spoke of her work in it, though, on account of cold and stormy weather, she had not been very regular in attendance.

She referred to her father's account of his conversion, and told how much joy it gave her to know that her dear father had become a Christian. "I have felt, papa," she said, "for a long time that this was so to be. Some nights, when my back ached so that I could not sleep, and I did not wish to disturb grandma by groaning, I cried out to God. He seemed so near to me that I felt just as though I was whispering in His ear. I told him how anxious I was that my dear papa should be converted and become a Christian man. It seemed sometimes that God was speaking to me, and said, 'That is right, child. I will do for your father. One of these days I will lay bare my arm, and will work in my own way.' That would make me so glad that I would forget all my pain. If now Tommy could only see his dear father, I should be happy. He thinks a great deal, and sometimes I am persuaded that he has given his heart to the Saviour. He is a



good boy. He never says bad words. He never drinks.

“Of one thing I am very glad. When my dear papa comes home—and I hope it will be soon—I know he won’t send me to the corner grocery to get liquor. People go there all the time, and drink and get drunk, and swear and fight. Almost every night some of the police have to come into the Place, and take some one away to the station for drunkenness. Grandma and I don’t think of going out after dark. Tommy says he is sometimes afraid that he will be hurt by those who are so drunk they don’t know what they are about. I am so glad my dear papa won’t go to the grocery to drink, nor will he send me there to get drink for him. I don’t go there at all now. When we want anything, grandma tells Thomas, and he gets it for us.”

The foregoing are the principal topics mentioned in the letter. We can easily imagine that when the father received it in China, and read it, he felt great satisfaction. While at home, he had kept himself so constantly under the influence of strong drink that Caroline did not dare approach him. On this account the letter which he read on the other side of the globe

him a clearer insight into the mind and
t of his only daughter than he had ever
re had, though he had lived with her for
s.

ne part of it where she spoke of lying awake
ts for pain, and spending the time in prayer
him, affected him deeply. He well knew
the pain which caused her so many wake-
nights arose from his own fault; and when
eard that the dear child, maimed for life by
elf, spent nights in prayer for him, the
rolled down his cheeks.

could do no less than reproach himself
rly for his past conduct, and pray earnestly
his sins might be forgiven. He saw the
y of God as he had never before seen it.

hile a cargo of tea was being put on board
Inez, Charles Mornay looked about the
i, and saw many strange sights. The Chinese
not so common in our country at that time
t present, and their mode of life and various
oms attracted his attention. He was as much
curiosity to many of them as they were to

he stated that among the things mentioned
Caroline Mornay in her letter to her father

was the fact that the corner grocery was largely patronized, and that Highland Place was the scene of many a fight. Mr. Williams had many customers. Some who were comparatively sober men when Mr. Mornay started for China were now drunk every day. One evening, not long after Caroline's letter was written, Mrs. Mornay received a call from Bridget Maroney. She lived on the opposite side of the Place, only a few doors from the corner grocery. She had an opportunity to see what was going on there, and also had had a bitter experience in her own family of the evils of strong drink.

Mrs. Maroney was a strong Catholic, and so was her husband. He was in the habit of drinking. He would sometimes get on a spree, and would spend money freely, and use up in a few hours the earnings of days. She was a hard-working woman, and did large washings and ironings for several persons each week. She was an excellent cleaner, and her services were in such demand that she sometimes had engagements weeks ahead.

Among those who employed her was Mr. Albertson, the City Missionary, who held services in connection with the mission-school wh

nas and Humpy attended. He induced Tomney to sign the pledge, and then Mrs. Mornay was light-hearted indeed. He doubt-meant to keep it, and would have been successful but for the corner grocery. For weeks kept sober, and often his wife dropped in to Mrs. Mornay how happy she was.

It has been said, not long after Caroline wrote her father, Mrs. Maroney called on Mrs. Mornay, who noticed that she seemed quite cast down, and asked her if she was sick.

"I am sick at heart, Mistress Mornay; I wish the corner grocery was at the bottom of the

"I have wished so myself a thousand times," Mrs. Mornay.

"Indeed, ma'am, it is too bad entirely. Thomas used to spree it, and your own praste gave the pledge, and he went to see our praste; he talked so strong and so detarmined that it was a great comfort to my heart."

"You think he got his liquor at Williams's grocery?"

"I have no doubt of it. Some of his old comrades, who had had many a jolly time with him, were a little mad when he set up for a temper-

rance man, and they coaxed him in there, and gave him grog."

"Yes; but how came he to yield?"

"I can tell you the story as he told it to me. He said they asked him to drink, and he refused. They urged him, and he told them 'No.' And then one said to another, 'Tom has got under petticoat government; he dar'n't say his soul is his own, lest Biddy should be in his hair.' He says this maddened him; and to show them that he was not afraid of his wife nor either of the prastes, he swallowed a glass of whiskey. With some this would have been the end of it; but Tom can't stop when he gets going till he is drunk."

"How long ago was this?"

"It is more nor a week, ma'am. And not an hour's work has he done in all that time. I have to slave myself all but to death, that we may save a little something. Tom has a good trade, and could do well but for the drink."

"Where is he now?"

"He is at home, minding the children. I told him I was coming in here. He begged me not to say anything about his drinking. He says he

is ashamed, and don't want the praste to know that he has broken the pledge."

I am sorry for you, Bridget. I know how at a trial it is to have a drunken person in family. You have heard about my son, have not?"

No, ma'am. Nothing bad, I hope?"

No, he has been converted; and now I have strong hopes that he will keep sober."

Converted, ma'am? And may I ask what it is?"

I mean that he has become a Christian."

And, ma'am, wasn't he always a Christian? I never heard tell that he was a heathen."

No, he was not a heathen. Still, he was pious."

Didn't he belong to the church?"


No."

In our religion, we all belong to the church, the praste confirms us; and this he always does, if he is paid for it. He has pay for every one that is baptized and confirmed, and it is the likes of him that will refuse to take the money and not confirm all that come. It is not to be pious, I suppose; but, pious or not, they should belong to the church. I wish Tom

would stop his drinking; but I confiss I have not much hope that he will."

Mrs. Mornay could not give her much encouragement that he would, because she knew that, without special help from on high, he who has formed the habit of drinking will continue to feel the fascinating influence of every "corner grocery," and will continue the practice of drinking.

CHAPTER XXI.

N the last chapter, we mentioned that Captain Mornay and his brother Charles wrote to their friends at home of the conversion of the latter from sin to holiness. We also stated that, with her grandmother's permission, Caroline wrote to her father. While her letter was on its way to London, another reached Highland Place from her brother. In this letter he described several of the customs of the Chinese, besides telling her respecting their personal appearance. In those days it was not so common for Chinese to leave their native land as now. Only a few came to the city where Humpy lived, and not one had she ever seen in Highland Place. For this reason she was deeply interested in what her brother wrote. He described the mode in which the Chinese men wear their hair—braided up and hanging down behind as long as a lady's hair among us. He spoke also of the smallness of the women's feet. No woman in China pre-

tends to any gentility who does not have small feet. The foot of an ordinary-sized lady is from four to five inches in length, and has more resemblance to a horse's foot, with the hoof running to a point in front, than to the foot of a human being. As the foot is bandaged in infancy so that it cannot grow long or wide, it grows thick and broad about the ankle and instep. It looks worse than the club-foot which is sometimes found among us. We wonder, perhaps, at the folly of these ladies in compressing the foot out of its proper shape, but forget that American ladies practise a similar folly in lacing their waists. The only excuse for either is that it is the fashion. The custom of lacing the waist is much more dangerous than that of lacing the feet, because, when the waist is reduced in size, it gives the vital organs little or no room to perform their functions. The lungs and heart are not located at the ankles, and hence a compression of the feet into a small compass does not produce consequences so serious as when the chest is restricted and the lungs and other organs have not full play.

Is it not strange that persons will submit so unhesitatingly to the behests of a tyrant like

fashion? Yet this is so, always has been, and always will be, until men and women have independence enough to break away from her power.

The letter also spoke of the tea-plant, and of the mode of raising this plant and preparing it for market. The shrub grows from three to five feet high, and the leaves are picked three or four times in a season. This is done by hand, and, after the leaves are partially wilted, they are rolled by hand, and then dried. The kinds of tea known as black and green grow on the same bushes, but differ in the mode of preparation for market.

If able-bodied men can spend their time in rolling up tea-leaves, it is evident that the price of labor must be low, or these teas could not be raised in Central China, dried, packed, and transported to the sea-coast, often on the backs of men, and sold to the tea-purchaser, and by him shipped to England or the United States, and sold here, after each merchant has had a profit, at the price it sells for with us.

The letter also spoke of the silk-worm, and of the mulberry-trees, on whose leaves it feeds, and of the various kinds of silk manufactured.

We cannot give space to the whole letter,

which would be interesting. It did interest Caroline Mornay. The facts stated made a much deeper impression on her mind than they would if she had read them in a geography or a newspaper, because, as she was reading them in the letter, it seemed just as though her father was talking to her and telling her these things.

The description of the first Sabbath in a Chinese town interested Caroline more than anything else. In that city were quite a number of English and American gentlemen engaged in mercantile pursuits. From them Captain Mornay learned that on every Sabbath there was a religious service in English, and he and his brother attended. He found that the service was conducted by a missionary, and learned that in another part of the city, and at another hour of the day, this same missionary conducted services in Chinese.

At the appointed hour, they went to the place of worship. The streets were thronged with people. The shops were all, or nearly all, open. There was nothing to indicate that it was the Christian Sabbath in all that busy thoroughfare till they came opposite a small building, from the open door of which they heard the sound of the

familiar tune, "Old Hundred." Of course they could not understand the language, but the tune itself carried them back to the town in New Hampshire where their early years were spent. Some Chinese were standing around the door, and some in the vestibule, listening to the music. One brother said to the other:

"'Old Hundred' sounds natural."

"Yes," was the reply.

They entered the house. The missionary was present, and recognized them as hearers at the English service, and left the desk and showed them to a seat. Not a great many were present. Worship had not yet commenced, as the congregation were not all assembled. The singing they had heard was that of a few persons who were practising some tunes, that they might sing them the more readily. At length the missionary read a hymn, and, after singing, led in prayer. After reading the Bible and singing another song, he proceeded to make an address. The object of it was to show the vanity of idol-worship, and the obligation to serve God, and the necessity of looking to the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation. A few of those present gave earnest heed to the words spoken, and seemed deeply interested.

Some sat awhile, and left the house. Meanwhile, others came in. Thus the congregation was continually changing. The sermon was more like a talk than like a formal discourse, and at the close of it permission was given to ask questions. The opportunity was improved by a few who seemed desirous of more light. They were apparently satisfied with the answers. One man in particular was very eager in his questions, and anxious to know all about the Christian religion ; so much so that after the services were concluded Captain Mornay enquired into his history. The missionary informed him that a few months before this he was standing in the door of his chapel with some tracts in his hand, when this man came along and asked what kind of reading he had. "I replied, The very best. He asked the price. I told him he was welcome to as many of the tracts as he liked. He selected several. He did not live in the city, but in one of the neighboring villages, but came often with things to sell. He took some of the tracts. The next time he came to town he came for more. Conversation followed respecting the contents of the tracts, and respecting the Scriptures, in the reading of which he engaged with great earnestness."

said that for some weeks the man had been a
stant hearer on the Sabbath, and had learned
much of the nature of this institution that he
longer made purchases or sales on this day,
gave up the day to worship and reading.
The missionary added that, as his family did not
sympathize with him, he made it a point to ab-
stain himself from home during the entire Sab-
bath, and to spend the larger part of the day in
a little chapel, where religious services were
conducted in Chinese. The missionary stated
that his progress in knowledge had been rapid,
and that he had some hope that he had become
Christian, and would soon connect himself with
a little band of disciples.

said Captain Mornay: "Don't you get discour-
aged in your work?"

"I should, were it not for the precious promi-
se of the Gospel. Chinese hearts are hard, but
harder than those of other people. No being
able to convert the heart except God himself. He
can do it here as easily as in America or Eng-
land. He has converted thousands in the Sand-
wich Islands. He can do it here. More than
one hundred millions read and speak the Chi-
nese language, and hence the field is so great and

the laborers are so few that one cannot but despond in respect to achieving the desired results. The Chinese population is eight times as large as that of our native land, and yet how few the men who are willing to come and preach Christ to these hundreds of millions ! ”

They took their leave of the man of God with a high appreciation of the faith and patience requisite to labor in such a discouraging field. Thus, in the providence of God, Captain Mornay had been permitted to obtain an insight into the missionary work at the Hawaiian Islands and in China by personal observation. He could not help asking himself, When will the time come that the Gospel will have such control in China as in Hawaii ? Such control it is destined to have everywhere—all over the globe. Each one that hears the Gospel should believe it. He that heareth should say come, and thus throw his influence on the side of truth and in favor of righteousness.

It should be added that, before separating from the missionary, he placed in his hands a note of the Bank of England, with the request that it should be expended in books for the man who had that day exhibited so earnest a desire to know the truth.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN Mr. Overton learned from Mrs. Mornay that her son Charles had become a Christian, and at the same time a temperance man, he was greatly rejoiced. He knew that Mr. Mornay was an excellent workman, and that, if he would keep sober, he could command large wages.

He very well knew the power of association, and was fearful that if Mr. Mornay, on his return from China, should find the "corner grocery" in full blast, and his old cronies gathered here, he might enter the place, and be tempted to drink. He was aware that it is a very different thing to be temperate on shipboard, where liquor is to be seen or smelt, from what it is to be so in a city where grog-shops abound and men urge one another to drink. He was very anxious to have the "corner grocery" become a different sort of a place. He went to the grocer, and reasoned with him about selling liquors. He urged him to abandon the business;

but he was not willing to do so. He said for substance that the liquor business was the most lucrative part of his trade, and for this reason he should continue to sell. He said that it was no worse for him to sell than for any one else. This Mr. Overton admitted, but still claimed that it was wrong for any one to place temptation in the way of his fellow-man.

The grocer affirmed that those who wanted drink would get it somewhere, and, if he did not sell it to them, some one else would.

"That may be," said Mr. Overton; "but that is no reason why you should be guilty of selling them the liquor. Every one knows that no man can continue to use intoxicating drinks to excess without going to his grave a drunkard; and if the ranks of the drunkards were not filled up as death thins them out, it would be less a calamity to the world to have them die off. But, alas! while you and other dealers are finishing the work you have begun in the case of those who have become drunkards, you are leading others to form the habit. The temptation is placed before the young, and the consequence is that, by the time one set of drunkards have gone

down to their graves, another class, who have formed the habit, are ready to take their places. Now, my dear sir," continued Mr. Overton, "have you ever candidly considered the misery which comes upon the drunkard while he is becoming dead to all self-respect, and losing the respect of the world, and sinking down lower and still lower in the scale? You cannot know how much such a man suffers when he finds himself the victim of an appetite he cannot control."

"Suffers?" replied the grocer. "I do not suppose such men suffer. They seem to enjoy themselves, and I judge they do. I do not drink myself, but suppose there must be some sort of enjoyment in it, or men would not follow it so constantly."

"I suppose there is some sort of enjoyment in it, especially at first," replied Mr. Overton. "When, however, the habit becomes fixed, and the desire for drink is overpowering, I know of nothing more lamentable. He feels cursed with a desire from which he would gladly be free, and yet he cannot obtain the mastery. To drown the harrowing convictions which he has, he drinks to excess again and again. From each

debauch he rises less able to cope with an appetite whose mastery over him is becoming more and more complete."

The grocer replied to this: "If men don't wish to come into such a bondage, all they have to do is to let liquor alone. I never forced any man to drink. I never expect to. Men are free agents, and if they drink, it is their own lookout."

"Very true, sir; you don't force persons to drink, but you place temptation before them, and this temptation is so powerful that it acts like a force. They are in such a state that they can do no otherwise than yield. I could mention persons that reside in Highland Place who were temperate men a few years ago, but are now constant drinkers. They acquired a taste for it in this very building. Your own hands dealt out to them the liquor. There is Charles Mornay. You know as well as I do that when he first came to this neighborhood to live, he only drank occasionally; but before he went to sea, he was intoxicated most of the time."

"I am aware that his habits were bad. I have heard, however, that he has reformed."

"Yes, so I have been told. There is another

ling," he continued, "which liquor-dealers ought to consider, and that is the misery entailed upon the families of the intemperate. For my part, I pity them more than I do the drunkards. When, for instance, a man loves drink so that he will take the shoes off his children's feet—shoes which his wife purchased by washing for her neighbors—and pawn them for strong drink, you may be assured such a man does not promote the comfort of his family. Such cases, alas! are not rare. I have known a man to take the pocket Bible of his wife—a Bible given her by her sainted mother—and carry it to a liquor-shop, and pawn it for strong drink!" And looking the grocer in the eye in a peculiar manner, he added, "You have known such a case."

The grocer quailed before his look. Mr. Overton continued: "Such a man will do nothing for the support of his family. In nine cases out of ten, he will abuse them for not furnishing him the food which he ought to have provided for himself and family, and would have provided but for his love of strong drink. You will pardon me for being plain with you, for I am constrained to say that men come to your place for drink whose families are suffering for the necessaries

of life. You owe it to these persons who are thus in want to abandon the traffic. It can do them no good, but only evil continually. If to this you reply 'that if you do not sell to them, some one else will,' I say, if they will, let them do it, and take the responsibility and bear the blame. You may think I have no business thus to speak to you; but when I see what I believe to be wrong, I am bound to rebuke it, and do what I can to remove it. When did you say your lease expires?"

"On the first of next May."

"We were speaking of Charles Mornay. He is expected home soon. His old associates gather every night in your saloon. He may come in here. He may be tempted to drink, but I beg you not to let him have a single drop. I cannot say that he will ask for any; I hope he will not, but if he does, I hope you will not sell him any."

"I shall make no promises. Charles Mornay is the same to me as any other man. He is no better, no worse. If he wants liquor, he can have it. I shall not urge him to buy. I shall not refuse to sell to him."

Mr. Overton went to see Mr. Heminway, who

ned the corner grocery, as well as the dwell-
s in Highland Place.

Mr. Overton knew the character of this man
well that he had but little hope of exerting
7 good influence over him; still, he knew it
uld do no hurt to make a trial. He found
a in a dingy room, which looked as innocent
paint and whitewash as though none had
r been applied to it. After a little prelimi-
y conversation, Mr. Overton said: "I under-
nd, sir, you own the building on the corner
Columbia Street and Highland Place?"

'Yes, sir; I was born in that building. My
her built it for his residence. After his death,
ook his garden, and built on it the dwellings
Highland Place."

'Your property pays a good rental, I pre-
ne?"

"Yes, sir; pretty good."

"You are aware, I suppose, that in the corner
cery liquors are sold?"

"Yes, sir; I have no doubt of it."

"I called to ask, sir, whether you intend to
ew the lease to the present occupant in case
should desire it?"

"I don't know, sir, as he wishes to renew; but,

in case he does, I know of no reason why I should refuse him."

"I can give a reason, sir."

"What is it?"

"It is that he sells intoxicating drinks."

"Suppose he does, sir; that is no concern of mine. If he pays his rent, I do not trouble myself about him any further."

"I don't think you look at it in its true light. Suppose you rent the building to a person whose business it is to make fireworks; would you not feel the business to be such as to endanger your other property? You would be obliged to pay a larger insurance. In case the building is rented as a liquor-saloon, what is the result? It is this: you cannot get such a class of persons in your other buildings as you would like to get, because the proximity to a grog-shop will lead them to rent elsewhere, if they can. You are left with a class of tenants who care nothing for the buildings, but only to get a cheap rent, and cheat you out of it, if they can. I do not say this is the case with all, but with a large part, of your tenants in Highland Place."

"I must acknowledge I have rather a rough set, but I cannot turn them out, especially as

they pay in advance. With regard to the corner grocery, I can only say that it is not at all certain that I shall lease it to the present occupant, only as a tenant-at-will; not because he sells liquor, but because, if the granite block is put on the north of it, as is now talked of, I may be able to sell this corner lot to that company."

"If you wish to sell the grocery building, please give me the refusal of it."

"I will, sir, with pleasure."

Mr. Hemmings knew that in case two or more parties desired the same piece of property, he would probably obtain a larger price for it.

"I am prepared to make you an offer for it day, and would like an answer in a week."

He mentioned the sum he would give.

"My terms are half cash, and half can lie on mortgage."

"Very well, sir."

Mr. Overton called on Smith, Jones & Co. the next day, and enquired when Captain Morley would sail from China. One of the firm told that by the overland mail he had written that he should sail at such a time as would make the vessel nearly due at that moment. He picked up the paper, and read:

“‘Below—Brig *Inez*, Captain Mornay, from China.’ Here it is, Mr. Overton.”

He read the above to him, which told that the brig *Inez* had reached the lower harbor, and might be looked for as soon as a fair wind should prevail, or a tug be obtained to tow her into the dock.

We need not say that this was good news. Mr. Overton sent Thomas Endicott to inform Mrs. Mornay of the ship’s arrival. It will be easily believed that Humpy Dumpty was all alive with excitement. She stationed herself at a window which commanded a view of Columbia Street, and watched for the coming of her father and uncle. Gladly would she have gone and stood at the corner to await their arrival. This her grandmother did not think advisable.

When they turned the corner, she shouted, “They’ve come, grandma,” and stood trembling with excitement till they entered the house.

The meeting between the two sons and aged mother, and between father and daughter, we will not describe.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE next Sabbath was a great day with the Mornay family. All that were living were under the same roof, and went to the house of God in company. Many years had elapsed since this had been the case. George had been a wanderer on sea; and since Charles had formed intemperate habits, he had not been often in the sanctuary.

There was a Bethel church in that part of the town, and Captain Mornay proposed to the sailors on board his ship that they should all meet at the Home on Sabbath morning, and go in company, and request the chaplain to render thanks to God in their behalf for a prosperous voyage and safe return, and especially for the exhibition of his grace in plucking some of them as brands from the burning.

Mrs. Mornay and Humpy accompanied Mr. Charles Mornay to the Bethel. They felt a desire to see the sailors who had accompanied the

two brothers during a long voyage. They had not been long in the church when the tall form of Captain Mornay appeared, followed by a number of sailors with their best suits on.

The pastor read the request that thanksgiving might be offered, and then, with deep emotion, he became the mouthpiece of the congregation in rendering thanks to God. When he alluded to the manifestations of God's goodness in the conversion of souls on board the ship, thus making it a Bethel indeed, Mrs. Mornay exhibited very deep feeling. And why should she not? Was not her own son one of the converts? Was not another son the happy instrument of leading souls to Christ? She felt that her cup was running over with joy. She had hope that both her sons and her only grandchild were followers of Christ. She rejoiced, however, with trembling over Charles, because she knew the temptations would be very great, and that, unless he should rely firmly on the aid of the Spirit, he would yield, and again become a drunkard. She did not doubt God's power to enable him to overcome this sin as readily as any other; but her fear was that he might be left to trust in his own strength, and fail,

After the close of the service, Charles Mornay, company with others, put his name to the nperance pledge.

The owner of the car-shop was on hand early Monday to engage him to act as foreman in establishment. For this position he was emittly fitted, because he understood all parts of business. He could tell whether the woodrk was suitably made, and whether the smith l done his part properly.

To most of the hands in the establishment, placing of Charles Mornay in this position s hailed with satisfaction. One man, however, was very much displeased with this arrangement. He felt himself entirely competent to fill place, and he had for a long time wished to are it; but the owner of the shop knew that, ile James Meeker was skilful as a mechanic, manners were such that, if he were to be put as boss, a large portion of the hands would re, because they disliked him exceedingly. eker was determined to make all the trouble could. He endeavored to excite opposition Mornay, but in this he did not succeed.

One day there was some work to be done that : few were able to do, because it required

great skill in the use of tools. Meeker could do this work; but he had one of his sullen fits, and refused to undertake it. It was accordingly given to another, and this did not please him. When, on his refusal, Mr. Mornay said, "Very well, Jenkins can do it," it nettled him exceedingly. He felt that he was not so important a personage as he supposed. He saw that his services could be dispensed with, and no part of the work suffer, whether he was employed or not. Nothing is more mortifying to one who is self-conceited than to perceive that he is not at all needed. The new boss was aware of the feelings of Meeker towards him; but he determined to treat him kindly, and thus heap coals of fire on his head. This he was enabled to do. He could not have done it in his own strength, but he sought it from the right Source, and found it, and was enabled to treat him with as much kindness as any other man under his care. Meeker had known Mornay for years; for they had been shopmates. He was himself far from being pious, and, when he heard that Mornay had experienced religion, he was quite certain that the change was not real. When he was placed in the position he himself had long

coveted, he then took the ground that Mornay had declared himself a convert merely to ingratiate himself into the favor of the owner, and become head of the shop. He was anxious to destroy the confidence of the owner in the new boss; but so circumspect was he in all his behavior that there was really no ground for his opposition. Indeed, it soon became evident that, by his ungracious behavior, Meeker was losing what few friends he had, while Mornay was disarming all opposition, and winning the goodwill of all in the shop.

He knew that if he allowed himself to drink a glass of liquor, it would kindle up a thirst which could not be allayed; and for this reason he determined not to drink at all. He had occasion now and then to go to the corner grocery for provisions for his family, and generally found some of his old cronies there. They urged him to take a social glass with them, but he always refused, saying that he had pledged himself not to drink any more intoxicating liquor, knowing that a single glass would rekindle his appetite, and cause him to lose control of himself.

Tom Suydam was in the grocery one evening when Mr. Mornay entered.

"Come, Charlie," said he, "let us take a drink."

"No, Tom, no. I am very much obliged, but you will please excuse me."

"Why so?"

"Because, in the first place, it does me no good. I have drunk enough in former years to be greatly benefited, if any benefit can come from it. I was no better off for it, but rather worse. Besides this, I have put my name to the pledge, and feel bound to keep it."

"I should be ashamed to put my name to a temperance pledge. I can drink or I can let it alone, without signing any pledge."

"You talk, Tom, just as I used to talk. I presume you have heard me say so a hundred times. I found the position was not tenable. I could drink; but when it came to letting it alone, it was not so easy as I supposed. I don't know as I should have left off to this day had I not gone on board ship, where I could not get any liquor. Even now, Tom, I love it as well as ever, but I dare not drink a glass. When you tempt me, you know not what you do."

"Now, Charlie, you are notional and foolish. There is pleasure in drinking, and you might enjoy this pleasure as well as not."

"I admit, Tom, there is a kind of pleasure in drinking; but, on the whole, I believe they who let it alone are better off. At any rate, I enjoy myself better than I did when I was drinking."

He looked at a large placard which read, "Selling off at cost," and said to the proprietor: "Do you mean anything by that placard?"

"I do. Anything you wish I will sell cheap, or I am going to leave this store."

"Ah! where are you going?"

"I don't know."

"Why do you leave, then?"

"Because my lease will expire on the first of May, and I cannot get it renewed unless I will ledge myself not to sell liquors."

"Has old Heminway joined the temperance society?"

"Not as I know of. He has sold the building to a man by the name of Overton. You know him, I presume?"


"Yes, sir, I know him. He is a most worthy man."

"I suppose he is so in his way. He says that the building shall be unoccupied rather than be

rented for the sale of liquor. This, it seems to me, is carrying matters rather too far. There is no use in being so much set in his way as all that."

"Mr. Overton," replied Mornay, "is a temperance man from principle. He does not drink nor furnish it to others; and, that he may carry out his principles, he refuses to rent buildings for this purpose. He is not set in his way any more than consistency requires him to be. I honor any man who will take a position which he regards right, and maintain it firmly. If all men would do that, the world would be far better off than it now is."

CHAPTER XXIV.

 HERE was considerable feeling exhibited by the customers of Mr. Williams when they learned that Mr. Overton had purchased the corner grocery; that they objected to his ownership of the building on any personal grounds, but because they knew his principles on temperance to be such that he would not sell liquor himself, nor allow the building to be rented for this purpose. Quite a number of persons were in the habit of going to the grocery for their daily wants, and they were sorry that the place was to be closed against them. Had they looked at the subject in its true light, they would have perceived that the means of intoxication were so convenient to them; but they were in the habit of drinking, and were willing to spend money that should have been used for the support of their families in purchasing the vile stuff which produced intoxication. Thomas Endicott was passing the grocery on

his way home from Mr. Overton's store, and Nicholas Barden was sitting on the steps, and he hailed him thus: "I say, Tom!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Don't you live with Overton?"

"Yes, sir. Why?"

"Give him my compliments, and ask him what he means by shutting up the corner grocery."

"He has not shut it up, has he?"

"It is just the same as that. He has told Williams he cannot remain here after the first of May."

"I don't understand it so."

"That is what Williams tells me."

"I understood Mr. Overton to say that he had told Mr. Williams that he would not rent the building for the sale of liquors. I do not know of any reason why he will not rent the building to Mr. Williams, if he will not sell liquor."

"Well, it amounts to the same thing as telling Williams he could not have the store. Williams is a likely man, and I hate to have him driven from the neighborhood."

"Mr. Williams is a pleasant neighbor, that is

true, and will do a man a kindness as soon as any one else will; but I consider the sale of liquor a damage to any neighborhood."

"I don't think his selling liquor ever injured you any."

"I do not say it has personally, because I have never used it. It has hurt others."

"Do you mean that as a thrust at me?"

"No, sir, not in particular. I don't think it does you any good to drink. I know it was an injury to Mr. Mornay."

"Ah! I see. You and that Mornay girl are quite intimate I suppose. That accounts for the talk in that cocoanut."

"I don't know what you mean by that, sir. I think a great deal of Caroline Mornay, because she is to be pitied. I have understood she became lame because her father let her fall when she was a babe, and he was drunk. When the use of liquor does injury rather than good, I don't blame Mr. Overton for refusing to rent a building for the sale of it. If Mr. Williams wishes to keep a grocery store and not sell liquor, I do not doubt Mr. Overton will rent him the building."

While they were in conversation, a lad about

the age of Thomas Endicott came along on Columbia Street, and stopped to listen to the conversation. Neither Nicholas Barden nor Thomas recognized him. He was dressed in a suit of clothes but little worn, and scarcely any one would have supposed him to be the same boy that made his appearance in such a plight at the mission-school at its opening. At that time he wore only a pair of ragged pants and a shirt, and had slept in an old sugar-hogshead on the previous night. He attended the school a few Sabbaths, and then disappeared. Had he presented himself now in the same or similar garments, Thomas would probably have recognized him. He interrupted the conversation, saying:

"This is Tom Endicott, I believe?"

"Yes, that is my name. I cannot call your name."

"My name is William Hawkins. When the mission-school was started in Fowler Street, I attended a few Sabbaths, and, as I had slept in a sugar-hogshead, the boys called me 'Sweet Bill' or 'Sugar Bill.'"

"I remember you now, Bill. Where have you been since that time?"

"I have been over the other side of the city

on the avenue. I have carried bundles for a store some, and sold papers some. I have attended mission-school and church over there. I have worked some in a sailor boarding-house, and we sometimes thought I would go to sea; but have not shipped yet. Mr. Smith, of the firm of Smith, Jones & Co., heard of me through a sea-captain by the name of Mornay, and told me that when I had learning enough, he would take me into his store. He said that a boy over in Highland Place, by the name of Tom Radicott, would teach me penmanship. I knew you as soon as I saw you, and was going to your house to see if I could make a bargain with you."

"I think there will be no trouble about that. I am fond of writing, and, if I can be of assistance to you, I shall be glad. I hope, Bill, you don't drink?"

"No, sir-ee, I don't."

"I am glad of that."

"I did drink one while. Every cent I could get I spent for liquor, except just enough for food to keep me alive. I drank because I felt wretched like; but when I began to peddle papers, I borrowed some money of a fellow to

set up business with. He said he would not lend me a cent without I would promise not to drink; so I made a cross, and he wrote my name. From that time I have been coming up."

"Where do your parents live?"

"Bless you! I don't know; I never saw them, that I know of. Probably they are dead."

"Who brought you up?"

"I wasn't brought up, I came up; and that is all I know about it."

"Come, Bill, go over to the house, and we will commence writing to-night."

"Before I do that, I want to know how much you'll charge me."

"I don't expect to charge you anything."

"Then that is the end of it. I sha'n't go."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't wish to have you teach me to write for nothing. I am not able to pay a great deal, but I want to pay something."

"Well, Bill, if you'll feel any better about it, you may pay me a dollar for twelve lessons. What say you to that?"

"I'll do it."

The boys then went to Mrs. Endicott's room.

On entering, they found Humpy, but she merely said "Good-evening," and passed out.

Thomas informed his mother who was with him, and for what purpose he came. Mrs. Enlicott told him she was glad to see him disposed to improve his time, and hoped he would profit by the instructions of Thomas, and that he would soon get into business.

While the lads are addressing themselves to the work of the evening, we will glance into the rooms occupied by the Mornays.

Charles had come from the car-shop, and washed himself, and made ready for the evening meal. Mrs. Mornay sits with sewing in hand, but not really doing anything; while Caroline is looking out of the window, watching for some one. Soon she said, "Grandma, he is coming."

The old lady bustled about, and lighted the gas, and told Humpy to lower the curtains. By this time Captain Mornay had found his way up the stairs, and had entered the room.

"I am glad you have come, George. I was afraid you would not."

"I have been as busy as I could be. I was determined, however, to come and take tea with you."

"Tea is all ready. Well, sit down."

They drew around the table, and partook of the food placed before them with a keen relish.

"When do you expect to sail, George?" said Mrs. Mornay.

"Some time next week."

"I hate to have you go."

"I would prefer to remain in town, and get into some other business; but it seems necessary that I should go. I do not expect to make another voyage. I am part owner of the *Inez*, and, when I was in China, I partially bargained her to some shippers there who want her for the China trade. I could not close the bargain without seeing Smith, Jones & Co. They consent to the sale of their share of the vessel, and I am going out to deliver her up to the parties in China."

"How long shall you be gone?"

"I cannot tell. I shall crowd all the sail I can, and, as soon as I can dispose of my cargo, and get the pay for the vessel, I shall return by the short route. It will be but a short time, mother dear, before I shall be back again, and then I hope to remain on land, and leave it for others to mount the waves."

"I am rejoiced to learn this. From what you said the other day, I did not know but you meant to keep on in your business."

"No, mother. Smith, Jones & Co. have consented to the sale of the *Inez*, and it does not seem to me as though I cared to sail another vessel. She is a dear old ship to me, and it will be like parting from a beloved friend when she shall come over her side for the last time."

"Yes, I suppose you love your ship. In one sense, it is your home. I know how I felt when I left the house where you and the other children were born. I sometimes wish I could go there again."

"Now, what a dullard I have been not to think of that! If I am prospered, I shall be back about the first of July, and we will then go up and spend a month in the old Granite State. Carrie shall go with us, and Charles, too, if he can leave the shop. How would you like that, brother?"

"Very well indeed, and I think it would be a benefit to Carrie. I would go this year; but my first business must be to do a long-neglected duty. I must erect a simple monument over the grave of my wife."

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"Do it, Charles, by all means. If you need any assistance, let me know."

"I thank you, George. This work belongs to me alone, and to no one else."

"I hope, brother, you will keep your place and then all will be well."

"God helping me, I will."

"Amen to that," said the captain.

CHAPTER XXV.



CAPTAIN MORNAY carried out his intentions, and sailed for China during the following week. Before leaving, he had a long conversation with his brother Charles. The latter renewed his pledge to abstain from intoxicating liquors.

One morning in the latter part of the following June, as the clerk was opening the blinds of the office of Smith, Jones & Co., Captain Mornay presented himself. The clerk had been in the employ of the firm but a short time, and had no acquaintance with the captain. He enquired what time some member of the firm would be in. The reply was, "Mr. Smith has gone to Philadelphia, but Mr. Jones will be in about nine o'clock. Will you wait, or will you call again; or is the business something that I can attend to?"

"I prefer to see one of the firm. I'll go and take a bath, and get some breakfast, and will be back by the time Mr. Jones comes down-town."

"Who shall I say called, sir?"

"No matter; probably I shall be here as soon as any one of the firm. In case I should not, please ask Mr. Jones to remain, as I wish to see him on important business."

About nine o'clock Captain Mornay returned to the store, and found Mr. Jones in. He handed him a draft on England for the sum he had received for the vessel, and wished him to get it cashed, and pass to his credit one-fourth of the amount. They went together to a broker, and received the proceeds of the draft in a check on one of the city banks. When this was done, and the wages of Captain Mornay to the time of his return to the United States had been passed to his credit, Mr. Jones said: "Well, captain, you have got quite a little sum laid up for a rainy day. Do you intend to go to sea any more?"

"I think not; I have had about enough of the rough and tumble of life, and think I shall remain in port somewhere. I have followed the seas constantly since I was seventeen years old, and have become rather weary of a sailor's life. Still, I apprehend that, by the time I get fairly settled down, I shall have a desire to go to sea again."

"It would not at all surprise me, captain, if you should not feel very well contented on shore; and yet, if I were in your place, I should remain on land. You have money enough to live at your ease, if you desire, but probably you would be happier to be in some active business."

"I presume I should. No doubt one thing that makes seamen so uneasy on land is because they have nothing to do. They smoke and drink to pass away time, but it seems dull to them—far more so than to be on board ship, with their regular watches above and below. One thing I am bound to do: I mean to get a better place for my mother to live in."

"Does she keep house?"

"She lives in Highland Place; I have a brother who is a widower, and has a little girl who is lame. My mother has a home with them, and does the work."

"She must be rather aged?"

"Yes, she is too old to have so much work on her hands; and yet I do not suppose she could be contented to play the lady, and have a servant. For this reason I mean to find a situation which will be more convenient and comfortable."

"Highland Place did you say she lived?"

"Yes."

"A hard set over that way, are they not?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Well, captain, I hope you will succeed in finding a pleasant home for your mother and yourself, and settle down and be contented."

"I must be going. I haven't seen mother yet since I came to town."

"You haven't? Where did you spend last night?"

"On the cars."

"I should think you would have gone home first."

"The draft was too large to be lost. I might have lost it, if I had not been careful. I concluded it was best to attend to the business at once."

"You are right there, captain. You have always been prompt in doing business. I doubt not our firm is a great deal better off on account of this trait in your character. You have yourself also been a gainer by it."

Carrie was seated by the open window, looking towards Columbia Street. When weary with *reading* or work, it was a rest to sit and watch

ams and persons on foot that passed up
own Columbia Street. This was the great
ghfare of the city, and during the day it
nstantly thronged.

andma, Uncle George is coming."

, Carrie, you must be mistaken."

ou look and see, then."

looked, and sure enough the noble form
: son was on the sidewalk between the
grocery and their dwelling. Mrs. Mornay
rprised, because she was not looking for
turn for some days yet. She could
y realize that the trip had been so much
ed by the construction of the railroad
the continent, and the establishment of a
f steamers between Yokohama and San
sco.

tain Mornay soon reached the house, and
usy asking and answering questions, when
other Charles came in from his work.
were greatly gratified to meet. It was
t at a glance that Charles Mornay was
ig the best of health, and the captain
elieved him when, in answer to one of
rst questions, he assured him he had
oken his pledge.

The captain related his experiences during the voyage; and as the mode of conveyance was new to him, who had hitherto traversed the ocean by sail instead of steam, he had many things to mention concerning the steamship and the cabin and steerage passengers. Before entering upon his narration, Humpy had, with her grandmother's consent, invited Mrs. Endicott and Thomas to come in and listen. The captain mentioned some of the strange customs of the Chinese, but was apparently much more interested in the Japanese. He had never visited Japan before, and he had many curious things to state with regard to that people. To the children these accounts were particularly interesting.

As he had not recovered from the fatigue of his journey, the captain retired early. Before Thomas left, he asked if Mr. Overton was in town, and was informed that he was.

"Please tell him that I shall do myself the honor to call on him to-morrow."

In the morning, he proposed that, as soon as they could get themselves ready, they should all take a trip to New Hampshire, and spend a few weeks among the White Hills. Mr. Charles Mornay said it would not be practicable for him

go then, because the leading man of the m that owned the car-shop was out of town, it that he would follow them as soon as he could be at liberty so to do.

To get ready for such a journey was quite an dertaking. The captain would not consent it his aged mother should present herself fore her old neighbors in New Hampshire th garments the worse for wear. He took r to shops where suitable dress-goods were d, and employed dress-makers, and had her d Caroline nicely fitted out.

Mrs. Endicott, while witnessing these things, d lending a hand now and then in preparing e outfit, had many sad hours. For years her art had not been so rebellious. One evening, ten Thomas returned from the store, he found r in tears. He enquired into the cause of her ef, and was answered that she desired earn-ly to take a similar trip, but could not on ac-unt of her poverty. Her son said, "Cheer up, other dear! One of these days I hope to be rich as Captain Mornay. Whether I am or t, as soon as I can earn enough, you shall ve a nice vacation, and go where you lived en you were young." Thus this affection-

members of the family, the captain hired a horse, and took his mother and niece to the old home-
stead. They found it had passed into the hands
of an Irishman by the name of McCabe.

When they drove up and alighted, Mrs.
McCabe was sitting in the door. She asked
them to walk in, and said: "Is it the man of
the house ye want to see? I'll step and call
him." She went to the back door, and cried at
the top of her voice, "Patrick!"

Patrick soon appeared. Captain Mornay in-
troduced his mother and niece, and said they
wished to look over the house and grounds.
"And do ye want to buy the place?"

"No, I do not know as I do. I was born
in this house."

"Well, your honor, ye are a likely-looking
man to be born in such an out-of-the-way place
as this; and I think the praties did not rot in
those days as they do now, or ye would not
have growed so big as ye are."

"We raised good crops then, but we had to
work hard."

"Yes, I suppose so; Bridget and I do the
selfsame thing now, but what with the praty-
rot and the dry weather, we don't raise much."


of these were quite near, others at a considerable distance; and the lights and shadows upon these hillsides covered with green grass, growing crops, or the native forests, furnished a prospect upon which they gazed till the sun sank beneath the horizon. Yes, and longer still they lingered; for they could trace the climbing of the shadow up into the sunlight which rested upon the mountains at the east, till at length the last ray had disappeared, and the whole horizon was covered with gloom. Longer still they lingered, and witnessed the stars of the heavens as they took their places as sentinels to watch the passage of the night.

Star after star appeared, till the whole sky was studded with them. To one who, like Humpty, had never seen but a few feet square of the sky, it seemed very wonderful to look upon the various constellations which shed so beautiful a light upon the earth.

They were surprised when the church bell indicated the hour of nine o'clock. They found their way back to the hotel, and soon retired to rest.

The next day, after going through the cemetery, and visiting the graves of the departed

CHAPTER XXVI.

E come now to a sad chapter in the history of one of the prominent characters in this story. Charles Mornay, as we have stated, had abandoned the use of intoxicating drink, and for many months had kept perfectly sober. He occupied a good position in the car-shop, and received large wages for his services. He had obtained the confidence of his employers, and it seemed as though nothing stood in the way of his further advancement, even to a partnership in the business as soon as he could command the necessary amount of capital. He had his enemies. One of these was bitter, and was bent on his ruin, and still had so much hypocrisy about him that he professed great delight at his reform, and at the position assigned him in the shop after his employers felt confident that he would remain sober. At heart, Edward Evans had similar feelings to those possessed by James Meeker, as mentioned in a previous chapter. He and

Meeker had been regarded by the hands as rival candidates for the position which had now been given to Mr. Mornay. To all appearances Edward Evans was pleased with the advancement of Mornay to the place long coveted by himself. One reason for this was that as long as Mornay kept sober, the chances of Meeker or being promoted were not at all flattering. It has been seen that the manner in which Meeker treated the new boss made him many enemies. On the other hand, Evans, though filled with envy and vexation, carried himself in such a manner that no one suspected him of harboring anything but kind feelings towards Mornay. The time at length came for him to make a disclosure of his real self.

While Captain Mornay and his mother and niece were in New Hampshire, Evans called at the corner grocery one evening to make some purchases. He was in the habit of using more or less liquor, but did not indulge to the extent of intoxication. No one but the grocer happened to be in the store, and so the two entered into conversation.

"How do you get along in the shop now, Mr. Evans?"

"Pretty well. Mornay understands the business as thoroughly as any of us. He carries himself, too, in such a manner that there is really no just cause of complaint. Still, I do not like him, and wish he could be set aside."

"Yes, I understand. I think I have heard it hinted that both you and Meeker wanted that position."

"That is very true. Meeker is a good workman; but his manners are so overbearing that none of us would wish to work under him. Mornay is much the more desirable of the two."

"Still, I take it you would not object to obtaining the position, if you could get it?"

"That is very true, Mr. Williams. But how can I get it? Show me the way, and I am willing to make the attempt."

"That can easily be managed. You know the drug store on the corner of Columbia and Pavilion Streets?"

"Yes."

"They keep soda-water. You are acquainted with the young man who tends the soda-fountain?"

"Yes."

"Well, he knows you and Mornay. I know

him well, for he was here as my clerk once. I think it can be arranged in such a manner that you can ruin the prospects of Mornay. I will see him, and give him instructions. What these instructions are to be I shall not tell you, because that would compromise you. That you and I have had this conversation is to be kept secret." He continued: "Mornay's mother and brother and child are absent. He feels lonely. You must seek his society, and make yourself agreeable. You must invite him to talk out with you one of these warm evenings. Take him into that drug store, and give him a glass of soda-water. I will answer for the result."

"I don't know about that, Williams. Don't look a little too devilish to wake up in Mornay an appetite which has long slumbered, and cause him to make a beast of himself?"

"No, not a bit of it. Charles Mornay is a good fellow, and I like him; but I do not like his mother, nor Overton, nor any of that clique. They seem bent on breaking up my business; and I know there is no way in which I can so effectually destroy their comfort as by inducing Charles to get intoxicated."

For the sake of gratifying the envious feelings which he had long concealed, Evans agreed to do what he was requested. The next morning Williams saw the clerk, and gave him his instructions. In the evening, Evans called on Charles Mornay, and invited him to walk. The invitation was accepted, and they soon found themselves some distance from home. The evening was warm. As they came up Pavilion Street from the dock, Evans said to Mornay:

"I am very dry. Let us go in and get some soda."

Mornay, not supposing a glass of soda could do him any harm, accepted the proposal, and they entered together. The clerk knew them, and into the lemon with which he flavored the soda for Mornay put some stimulant. They drank and passed out. Soon Mornay's brain was on fire. He found himself the victim of an ungovernable thirst, and, when they had nearly reached the corner of Highland Place, he requested his companion to retrace his steps, and go down to a low drinking-saloon in Cherry Street. No sooner had they entered than Mornay called for liquor. He urged Evans to drink with him. He did so moderately, but Mornay poured it

down. Evans then besought him to go home, and, after much persuasion, got him to Highland Place. He was noisy, and trying to sing some bacchanalian song, as he reached the corner grocery. He turned in there, and called for liquor. With secret satisfaction, but with apparent reluctance, the grocer furnished the drink; and before late bed-time, Mornay was taken home raving with the tremens. Mrs. Endicott and Thomas saw what had taken place. They got a friend to come and pass the night with them. They had all they could do to keep him in the bed. Sometimes it seemed to him that a horseman was trying to drive his horse over him, and trample him in the dust. Sometimes it seemed as though the room was filled with snakes, and he entreated his attendants to prevent them from thrusting their deadly fangs into his person.

Before morning, he became more quiet, and fell into a disturbed sleep, and the watchers had a little rest.

Almost as soon as the day broke, Thomas started up-town to let Mr. Overton know what had occurred. After an early breakfast, Mr. Overton called at Highland Place. He knew that it was

necessary that Mr. Mornay should have care, and also that he should have those about him who could exert a powerful influence over him. Accordingly, he telegraphed to Captain Mornay to come home. He stated that the business was important. He called a physician, and got a nurse to stay with Charles, and found his way to the office of the car-shop, and told the employers what had happened, and that he was determined to investigate the case. As some of the hands had seen Evans and Mornay walk away from Highland Place the previous evening, Evans was summoned into the office, and questioned. He told the facts about the soda-water—except that it was drugged—and the drinking in Cherry Street, and also at the corner grocery. He told all he cared to tell, and professed great sorrow at the occurrence which had taken place.

No sooner had Captain Mornay read the telegram than he said, "Mother, we must go home."

He seemed to have an impression from the first that his brother was in trouble. He did not tell his mother what his surmises were. They hired a carriage, and made their way to the cars, and so on home as rapidly as possible.

The reader can easily imagine how that mother, and brother, and child felt on learning the facts of the case. Her son had often promised, in previous years, to abstain from strong drink, and had failed. This time her confidence had been greater with respect to his steadfastness than before, because he had seemed to become religious, and had set up a family altar. Now the cup of happiness which she had for a few months been drinking was dashed suddenly to the ground. Her heart sank within her. Carrie felt the blow severely, but her hopes were more buoyant than her grandmother's. She, child though she was, had strong confidence in God, and believed he could hear and answer prayer.

Mr. Overton was on the lookout for the returning friends, and apprised them of the state of the case; and it was agreed that they would utter no reproaches, but would treat him with kindness, and thus try to win the wanderer back. Accordingly, everything was done for his comfort. No allusion was made to the cause of his illness, but all appeared cheerful while in his presence.

After a few days, finding that none of the family said anything respecting his situation,

and were vying with each other to promote his comfort, he felt constrained to confess that he had been grossly intoxicated. He stated the circumstances so far as he could recall them. He could, however, recollect but little after he entered the saloon in Water Street till he found himself in bed the next day, under the care of a nurse. He said that no sooner did he drink the soda-water than it flashed into his mind that there was something wrong about it, and that he ought not to have taken it. "O brother!" he continued, "you know nothing about the appetite. You can form no conception of how it carries captive all the good resolutions and vows and pledges. They are no more than a bulrush in stopping the current of a mighty river. I have fallen, and from such a height! I had hoped God had made me his child, and I expected he would keep me; but I foolishly went into temptation, and here I am. I have lost my place in the carshop, but that is of small consequence compared with my loss of the light of God's countenance, and of peace of conscience. I called myself a Christian, and I have fallen so as to bring a reproach on the cause of the blessed

Master. I have lost all heart and all hope. I know not what is to become of me. I am so much ashamed that I feel as though I could not hold up my head in the presence either of God or man."

The captain replied: "The fact that you have been left to fall into sin should not lead you to doubt the goodness of God, nor his willingness to pardon all your transgressions. Each person has his besetting sin, and has need to be on his guard against the temptations which assail him at that point. I have my fears that this was a contrived plan to get you intoxicated, just as it was in the case of John B. Gough. He has secured the confidence of the public, notwithstanding his fall; and so may you, if you will renew your pledge and keep it. There are, however, so many who would gladly witness your destruction, that it is important that you should be on your guard continually. I would advise you to avoid not only saloons, but drug shops and restaurants; for you are liable, as in the present case, to become the victim of persons who are plotting your ruin."

Encouraged by these words, and strengthened

by the assurance that he was remembered daily in the secret prayers of his mother, brother, and child, he determined that he would make another effort. He had been taught his weakness as never before, and he took the pledge with the feeling that his only help must be in God.

He was soon back in the shop. Before commencing work, he called the men under his supervision around him, and confessed that he had not only brought disgrace upon himself, but had sinned against God. He begged them to take warning from him, and not form the habit of using intoxicating drinks. He urged all to sign the pledge, and abide by it.

Carrie took great comfort in praying God to take away from her father the love of drink. She had a firm confidence in him that he could do it, and would do it, and went to him in prayer, without doubting at all in regard to the matter. Her prayers reached the root of the difficulty. As long as the love of drink remained, he would be exposed to temptation. If the love was removed, there would be nothing to which temptation, even though powerful, could make a successful appeal.

One trouble with a person who would break

from the sin of intemperance is that is not strength of will to combat with tation. All such should pray for themselves, and others should unite with them in ers, that all desire for drink may be red.

ses are on record of persons who have had ong love for intoxicating drinks all red in answer to their prayers.

CHAPTER XXVII.



APTAIN MORNAY had now been several months in port, and began to be uneasy for some kind of employment. Daily he made a call at the office of Smith, Jones & Co., and read the shipping news. Frequently he called on Mr. Overton. One day, several weeks after the fall of his brother, he was in the counting-room of Mr. Overton, and the conversation turned upon the corner grocery. He enquired whether something could not be done to abate the nuisance. Mr. Overton said he should be very happy to do anything in his power, but could not see how it could be effected. "I have bought the property, but have no deed of it. I cannot get possession till the first of next May, unless I can buy out the lease of the grocer. He will not sell, and so my hands are tied."

"I am sorry," said the captain, "because I should like to have that place shut up, and I

think a grocer could make a good living there without selling intoxicating drinks."

"I am of your opinion, and so I have told Mr. Williams; but he will not be convinced, or, if convinced, will not acknowledge it. He has a dislike to me on account of my temperance principles. He feels in a like manner toward you. For this reason neither of us can exert much influence over him. Perhaps we could induce a third person to come and buy out his business as an agent for us; and after a full inventory of all the goods has been made, and Williams is out of the way, then we could appear as partners with this third party, or as entire owners."

"How much capital would it take to buy out the entire stock?"

"Only a few thousand dollars."

"I am willing to furnish a share, and will either go into the business myself actively, or be a silent partner."

"I hope, captain, you will conclude to go into business yourself. You will take much more comfort than you can to be out of employment."

"But, Mr. Overton, if we undertake to buy out Williams, we must take his liquors, or he will suspect that there is some plot about it,"

"Yes, I understand all that. He would not sell out and take the liquors away, because he has made up his mind that the corner grocery shall be a liquor-store as long as he can control it. I presume he would not sell to any party, unless the purchaser would bind himself to keep liquors of various kinds till the first of May."

"Very well, we can instruct our agent to purchase all in the store, and, in case Williams insists on it, the agent can pledge himself and assigns, etc., etc., to keep liquors of various kinds till next May. This would not oblige him to sell. After May first, such portions of the stock as cannot be used for chemical, manufacturing, or medicinal purposes can be poured into the gutter, and the rest disposed of without loss."

Mr. Overton had a friend in the city of —. To him he wrote, requesting him to come on and look at the stock of goods and prospects for business, etc. He assured him that abundance of capital could be had. He added that, after looking over the ground, he might either act as agent for himself and another person, or become a partner in the business. This friend came on, and was introduced to Williams by a person who was known to him, and during the

process of negotiations neither Mr. Overton nor Captain Mornay appeared on the stage at all.

Williams sold the goods, and also made a profit on his unexpired lease. He gave possession at once. He took board up-town for himself and wife, and engaged in business in Water Street.

When he was fairly out of the way, Captain Mornay was brought forward and introduced to Mr. Farrell. They went into partnership. They took a lease of the grocery for five years beyond the lease they had bought.

Both on Columbia Street and on Highland place the name of the firm, "Mornay & Farrell," appeared, and under it the words, "Corner grocery." They were determined to observe the letter of the agreement, and keep the liquors till the first of May. Some of them were put in the cellar and some in the second story, and thus none appeared in sight to tempt customers to drink. Mr. Overton sent carpenters and painters, and the appearance of the store was so changed that those who had been accustomed to lounge there at Williams's day would not easily have recognized the place.

Captain Mornay had so frequently visited foreign countries that he had acquaintances in all

the principal ports, and had facilities for purchasing such articles as they dealt in equal to the leading importers. He could thus import for the firm and save the profit which would have gone into the hands of others. They kept a grocery store which surpassed, in many respects, any other in that portion of the city. Mr. Overton had many friends, and he spoke a good word for the new firm, and large numbers were glad to buy the articles needed in their families at a place where neither themselves, their children, nor servants would be tempted to use intoxicating liquors. The new firm were determined that every article sold by them should be the best of its kind. In this way they secured a class of customers who were willing to pay liberally for what they needed in their families. At the same time, they had it in their power to convince those in moderate circumstances that it was better economy to buy a good article, and pay a fair price for it, than to purchase a poor one for less money.

It will be recollected that it was stated in a former chapter that a lad came to Thomas Endicott to take lessons in penmanship. When the new firm were ready to commence business, at

suggestion of Thomas, they employed this young man as clerk. He proved to be quick and efficient, and with his help they got along comfortably through the winter and spring. During the summer, many of their customers went into the country, and there was considerable leisure in the store. Mr. Farrell proposed that, as the stock was low in midsummer, it would be a good plan to take an inventory. This was done, and it was found that, during the nine months they had been in trade, the business had yielded them a handsome profit. After the hot season was over, and their regular customers began to come back to the store, there was such a rush of business that they needed more assistance. From his first acquaintance with Thomas Endicott, Captain Mornay had been pleased with him. He was very anxious to secure his services, but said nothing to him till he had first spoken to Mr. Overton. Mr. Overton was reluctant to part with him, but his business would not warrant him in offering such wages as Captain Mornay could afford to pay. It was accordingly arranged that Thomas Endicott should be head-clerk in the corner grocery, while William Hawkins de-

livered the goods to the customers in various parts of the city.

Captain Mornay's business prospered to such an extent that, within a couple of years, he purchased a house on Labarre Street, and he and his brother Charles kept house together. Each bore an equal share of the expense, excepting that the captain made no charge for the rent.

An excellent school was found for Carrie, and she made rapid improvement in her studies. The captain also took her to one of the most skilful physicians in the city, and he advised a mode of treatment which improved her general health, and at the same time did much to recover her from her deformity.

The firm found the services of Thomas so valuable that, after the second year, they increased his salary. It was quite unexpected to him. Captain Mornay called him into the counting-room one day, and asked him if he enjoyed himself in their employ.

"Yes, sir; very much."

"Are you able to lay up much?"

"Not a great deal, sir. I give all my wages to my mother, except what I need for clothes."

"Does your mother go out to wash and clean now?"

"Yes, sir. She says the time will come when she will not be able to work, and she is anxious to lay up something, so that, when that time comes, she may not be dependent on the hand of charity."

"I honor her motive. I am fearful, however, that, by laboring so constantly, she will grow old prematurely. How many days does she work out in a week?"

"Probably, on an average, about four days."

"Well, Thomas, you can say to her to-night, when she comes from her day's work, that she is requested not to work more than two days per week. Tell her that, if she wishes, she can wash and iron for the wife of his honor the mayor, but that she must refuse all other engagements."

"But, sir, mother is independent in her feelings, and she may not like to have any one say so to her. Besides, sir, she wants all she can earn."

"Yes, Thomas; but suppose you can say to her that, in case she will work but two days per week, you will make up to her all she will lose by refusing further engagements?"

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"I would be glad to tell her so; but how can I?"

"Easily enough. You can tell your excellent mother that, in case she will work out but two days in a week, your wages will be sufficiently increased so that her income, united with yours, will be as large as it now is."

"You are too good, sir. I never expected anything of this kind. I thank you very heartily." And Thomas burst into tears.

"Well, well, boy, don't blubber. I am glad to have it in my power to make you happy."

"I am happy, sir; and, sir, it will do mother so much good."

Some three years after Charles Mornay had signed the pledge subsequent to his lamentable fall, one of the partners in the firm by whom he was employed became enfeebled by disease and unable to attend to business. He desired to sell out his share in the shop, and go away for his health. His physicians assured him that he must have absolute rest, or that the brain, which showed some symptoms of disease, would become permanently impaired. Mr. Ingersoll felt that it would be too great a responsibility for him to undertake the management of so vast

a business alone, and asked Mr. Edwards, who was anxious to retire, to recommend some one to take his place. Mr. Edwards said:

"I don't know what to say. If you take some one as a partner who knows nothing of the business practically, the most he can do for you will be to act as a book-keeper and financial clerk, while the real care will all come on you."

Mr. Ingersoll said:

"What you say is very true. I have been so closely tied here for the last year or two that my wife complains and fears I may break down. I can think of no one who could be of so much assistance as Mornay."

"Mornay will answer, if he will only hold on to his temperance principles. Have you ever seen anything that indicates that he drinks since we reinstated him in his place three years ago?"

"No, not the first thing."

"Well, then, I think you can trust him. The next question is whether he can command the capital which will be required."

"I don't know as to that. I own one-half of the establishment now, and that half I intend to retain. Your share is for sale. If Mornay can

command means enough to purchase one-half of your share, then the matter can be arranged. It would be too much of a load for him to buy all of your half. Besides this, I would prefer to have a controlling interest, and then I can stand at the helm and shun the breakers."

"I think he must have laid up something. Captain Mornay has considerable property, and he will put his shoulder to the wheel, and help matters along. I think so, at any rate. If he can be satisfied that the investment is a paying one, he will give his brother a lift. Still, it is best to make haste slowly. The matter can be arranged privately, and the hands need not know anything of it till the writings are drawn. I leave the matter with you. You know how much money will be needed. Your own half of it you can lay your hands on at any moment. Perhaps you had better see Mr. Overton before you say anything to either of the Mornays."

After consultation with Mr. Overton, who gave the project his hearty approval, Mr. Ingersoll called at Mr. Mornay's house. They had an opportunity for a free and full consultation respecting the matter. In so doing, they did not excite the suspicions of the employees. When Captain

Mornay learned what was going on, he was ready to proffer his assistance. The bargain was closed, the writings were drawn, and the first intimation the hands in the shop had in regard to the successor of Mr. Edwards was the sign which was fastened on the front of the building, and which read, "Ingersoll & Mornay."

In the shop was a large room which was used for the storage of cars that were finished. A few days before, a large order had been filled, and this room was completely empty. The time-keepers in the various rooms were directed to request the men to report themselves in this room. They did so. They found there Mr. Edwards, Mr. Ingersoll, both of the Mornays, and Mr. Overton.

As soon as the men had found seats, Mr. Edwards rose, and said that he had for a long time felt as though he must free himself from the cares of business, and had requested Mr. Ingersoll either to go on with the business alone, or seek a partner. He had chosen the latter course, and had proposed to Mr. Mornay to fill that position. "You have," he added, "always treated me with great kindness, and I trust you will show similar good-will towards Mr. Mornay."

Mr. Ingersoll said, "No one can regret more heartily than I the necessity of this change. Mr. Edwards is so much my senior that, in common with you, I have always looked upon him as a father. I know that I can assure him of the kind wishes of every one of you, and express in your behalf, as well as my own, the earnest hope that he may live to see many years. And now, friends, allow me to introduce Mr. Mornay, the junior partner in the firm. All of you know him by sight. Those who have been in the department of which he has the oversight know him well, and know him only to love. He will now say a few words to you."

Mr. Mornay rose with a good deal of hesitation. He said: "Years ago I used to dream of standing where I now do; but the demon of appetite stood between me and all promotion. I found myself going from bad to worse, till this brother and my friend Overton took measures which resulted, by the blessing of God, in my signing the pledge. Previous to that time, I was a constant patron of the corner grocery; but then I kept sober for a season. I was promoted to foreman of one of the departments.

One man, then in the same room, was envious of my promotion, and lent himself the willing tool of Williams to effect my ruin. He led me to a drug store and gave me soda-water that had liquor in it. It roused my appetite, and I can remember but little between that moment and the next day. It was a most cruel act. Yes, it was worse than that—it was perfectly devilish. I learned afterwards all about the plot. I would not do that thing to the worst enemy on earth. I determined to pay him for that act. The time has now come to do so. Through the intervention of Mr. Overton, the firm received me back. At first I could not bear the sight of him who had thus been the means of my fall; but I read in my Bible that I must forgive, if I would be forgiven. I knew I was to blame for going where temptation would assail me. At the time of my fall, I felt that I could never regain the confidence of my employers, and from that time till within a week have ceased to expect any higher position than to be foreman in that department.

“I sincerely hope that those of you who have signed the pledge—and nearly all in the department of which I have had the oversight, I am

happy to say, have done so—will keep it inviolate, and that those who have not done so will not hesitate. I used to think there was no danger; but before I was aware of it, appetite had completely mastered me. I knew that in my case, the appetite was not overcome except by the grace of God.

“One thing more. I have said that my Bible teaches me to forgive. As an evidence that I am willing to obey its precepts, I hereby, with the consent of Mr. Ingersoll, appoint Edward Evans as the foreman of the department so long under my supervision.”

He took his seat. Evans, whose face had been perfectly scarlet during these remarks, felt that all eyes were upon him, and attempted to reply, but only stammered out a few words, and took his seat.

There was a buzz all over the room. Mr. Ingersoll said: “Men, you can have a half-holiday. Be on hand, all of you, at one o’clock.”

The men gave three cheers, and then clustered around those who had addressed them. Evans came up to Mornay, and said: “I am sorry, sir, very sorry.”

"Well, Evans, let it go. 'Go, and sin no more.'"

"I can no longer doubt that there is a reality in religion," said Evans, as he turned away.

CHAPTER XXVIII.



CAPTAIN MORNAY was reading his daily paper one morning, and found an advertisement that caught his attention. He called Thomas to him, and asked him his mother's Christian name.

"Mary, sir," was the reply.

"Did she ever live in ——?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was your father's Christian name?"

"Edward, sir."

"You may take this paper to your mother. It contains something which may be of considerable importance to her and yourself."

He took the paper, and went home with it. The advertisement read:

"If Mrs. Mary Endicott, widow of Edward Endicott, or her son, Thomas Endicott, will communicate with the subscribers, they may learn something of great importance to them.

RICHARD HOLCOMB & SON, of ——."

When the mother and son had read this advertisement, Thomas said: "Do you know this Mr. Holcomb?"

"Yes, very well. He is a lawyer, and always did all the business for your Grandfather Endicott."

"You had better write to him, mother."

"No, Thomas, my hands are too stiff to hold a pen. You can write, and enquire what is wanted."

Thomas did so, and in course of time came a reply, the substance of which was that Mr. Endicott, senior, had died, and by will had devised to Mrs. Mary Endicott the sum of ten thousand dollars, in case she was still living and still remained the widow of Edward Endicott. In case of her death or second marriage, the said ten thousand dollars was to be given to her son Thomas, if living. In case of his death, the property was to be given to some charitable institution.

When the letter was read, Thomas said: "Well, mother, I congratulate you in two respects. In the first place, you are still living; and, in the second place, you have still remained the widow of my father. I regret, however, that grandfather did not see fit to search you out and give you

the benefit of some of his property years ago. You have, in a great measure, broken down your health, while, if this money could have been yours to use, you would have been saved many a year of toil."

"I am thankful, Thomas, even at this late day, to be remembered by your father's relatives. Had they always treated me with kindness, I might not have been driven to the Lord Jesus Christ as my refuge." She continued: "Please ask Captain Mornay to call this evening before he goes home. I wish to consult with him in regard to this property. Measures must be taken to get possession of it. He will know what ought to be done."

The captain called, according to request. He offered his congratulations in a hearty manner. He advised that she should go to —, and see the lawyers of the late Mr. Endicott, and assured her that without doubt some of the strange things in the conduct of the family would be satisfactorily explained. He added that, as there was no special pressure of business in the store, Thomas could have leave of absence for a few days, if she desired.

"I do desire it very much. It is many years

since I have been out of the city, and I do not like to go without company."

After making necessary preparations, they set out on their journey. On reaching —, they found rooms at one of the hotels, and called at the office of Richard Holcomb & Son. They learned that Mrs. Endicott, senior, was still living, and that she had expressed a wish to see her daughter-in-law or grandson, in case either of them should come to town.

Mr. Holcomb volunteered to accompany them to the house of their aged relative. On the way, Mrs. Endicott showed Thomas the house where she was born, and also the one where her wedded life was spent, and where he was born. She enquired who lived there. Mr. Holcomb gave her the name, and added that he desired to sell the property, but could not do so, inasmuch as the title was somewhat defective.

"He will give you a thousand dollars just as soon as you will sign papers which will make his title good. It seems that you did not sign all the mortgages, and for this reason no one wishes to buy the property, lest you should claim possession as original owner. You will do well to accept his offer, and thus add to your

property, unless you wish to commence a suit of ejectment."

"I do not wish to go to law. I would rather give away the property than contend for it before the courts."

"I honor your decision, madam. I will see the party this evening, and advise him of your being in town, and, if you wish, will bring the necessary papers for you to sign, with a certified check for one thousand dollars."

By this time, they had reached Mrs. Endicott's. The place looked old and the worse for wear; still, Mrs. Endicott recognized it. She remembered former years, and how much she had at times enjoyed on those grounds, and also how much she had suffered because the family had made her feel her social inferiority to themselves.

They were ushered into the presence of the old lady, and then Esquire Holcomb took his leave. At first, the interview was formal and frigid; but as the old lady saw in her grandson some of the lineaments of his father, and found him sprightly and intelligent, she began to overlook the fact that his mother was not of as good blood as his father. She laid aside her

reserve, and talked freely with them. She learned their history, and gave them her own. She became so much interested in them that she insisted that they should make her house their home while in town. When they found the invitation marked with the utmost cordiality, they accepted it. Suffice it to say that age, as well as divine grace, had mellowed the prejudices of the old lady, so that, by the time it was necessary for her visitors to return home, she was ready to urge her daughter-in-law to come and reside under her roof, and take the charge of her household—a charge which, on account of increasing infirmities, was becoming very onerous.

After returning home and taking all things into consideration, it was decided to accept the invitation. Thomas found a boarding-place, and his mother took her departure. She pursued this course because she felt that she was more needed by her aged relative than by Thomas. The latter had now become a young man of fixed moral principles, and his mother, though well aware that the temptations of a large city are numerous and powerful, felt that he would not be easily led astray, and that she could com-

mit him for safe-keeping to the care of her Heavenly Father.

The communications between mother and son were constant by mail. Besides these frequent letters, Thomas made occasional visits, and thus added much to the comfort of his grandmother in her declining years.

The ten thousand dollars received from the estate of Mr. Endicott was safely invested where it accumulated rapidly, while the thousand received from the other source was used as necessity required. This was not done to any great extent, because, for the most part, Mrs. Endicott's expenses were met by her aged relative.

Thomas received a large salary, and his savings were added to his mother's property, so that the two had quite a handsome sum where it was earning them a large interest.

We will now ask the reader to step forward ten years, and note the changes which have taken place. On passing up Columbia Street, he will find the old wooden building so long occupied by Dr. Hemingway, and used so many years as a grocery, gone, and in its place a granite building four stories high. This change had been wrought by Mr. Overton, that he

might keep pace with the improvements made in the adjoining property. Mr. Hemingway, when he found that there was a call for stores in that vicinity, sold some of the buildings on Highland Place, and, in company with the new owners, erected stores, which brought him an income far greater than he had received from the tenement-houses. He had now no trouble to collect his rents, for the buildings were leased to responsible parties.

Amidst all these changes, the reader will find that while the upper stories of the buildings on the corner are occupied by a life insurance company for an office, the words, "Corner Grocery," in large letters, show that the first floor is used for this purpose.

He will also find, in the place of Mr. Farrell's name as one of the occupants, that of Endicott. The sign reads, "Mornay & Endicott." The business is thriving, and, with plenty of capital and abundance of good customers, they are adding to their wealth. From the time Mornay and Farrell disposed of the liquors bought of Williams, not a drop of intoxicating drink had been purchased. The corner grocery during their oc-

cupancy had never held out the temptation to drink to any individual.

Let me ask the reader to leave the city, and traverse ten or twelve miles on one of the railroads. On a gentle eminence he will find a comfortable residence standing in the midst of a well-shaded lawn. He will find a couple of children at play under one of the magnificent elms.

Sitting on the piazza are two females, one quite advanced in life, whom, though much grayer than in former years, we recognize as Mrs. Mornay, who is on a visit. By listening to their conversation, we learn that the younger lady is none other than Caroline Mornay. The children are hers. She is full of thankfulness for God's loving-kindness to her.

After the arrival of the train which left town at five o'clock, we can distinguish among the crowd of persons on the platform the tall form of Captain Mornay and that of his brother, but little less in height. As they leave the station, they are joined by another person. He has a dark, full beard, which covers his face almost entirely, but still we can see that he is none other than our friend, Thomas Endicott. He has

been prospered in business, and has grown rich. As they approach the house, the children run to meet them, and call him father. One of the Mr. Mornays is called grandpapa, and the other Uncle George.

With the exception of Mrs. Endicott, who is still caring for her aged relative, we have a reunion of those who formerly occupied a couple of floors in Highland Place, with the addition of a couple of children, whose childish prattles add much to the interest of the occasion. This was the first time the captain had been out since Thomas had taken possession of the place, and he expressed himself very much gratified with the improvements that had been made. After a careful inspection of the premises, he said: "Thomas, the improvements you have made have increased the value of the property at least two thousand dollars, and I presume they have not cost you more than five hundred."

"Just about that. Just think of it! Just think of the change in my circumstances since you and your crew came up Columbia Street, and I gave your boots a shine."

"Yes, Thomas, it is wonderful. How strange, too, that at *that* corner grocery you did not form

the habit of drinking, as other boys did! At that time my aged mother was mourning for me as for one dead. Carrie's father was intemperate, and it seemed as though he was destined to ruin. Now all this is changed. As long as you and I live, let it be our determination that no one shall be tempted to do wrong by means of the 'Corner Grocery.'"

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This thrillingly interesting book depicts in a vivid manner the terrible influence exerted by those who stand as the servants of God, and who sanction the social custom of wine-drinking. It is fair and faithful to the truth. It is not a bitter tirade against the church or the ministry. On the contrary, it plainly and earnestly acknowledges that the ministry is the friend of morality, and the great bulwark of practical virtue.

Lion's Mouth. 12mo, 410 pp. By Miss MARY DWINELL CHELLIS, author of "Temperance Doctor," "Out of the Fire," "Aunt Dinah's Pledge," etc. . . . \$1 25

This is one of the best books ever issued, written in a simple yet thrilling and interesting style. It speaks boldly for the entire suppression of the liquor traffic, depicting vividly the cry and wrongs resulting from it. The Christian's tone is most excellent, showing the necessity of God's grace in the heart to overcome temptation and the power of appetite, and the influence which one zealous Christian can exert upon his companions and the community.

The National Temperance Society's Books.

Aunt Dinah's Pledge. 12mo, 318 pages. By Miss MARY DWINELL CHELLIS, author of "Temperance Doctor," "Out of the Fire," etc., \$1 25

Aunt Dinah was an eminent Christian woman. Her pledge included swearing and smoking, as well as drinking. It saved her boys, who lived useful lives, and died happy; and by quiet, yet loving and persistent work, names of many others were added who seemed almost beyond hope of salvation.

The Temperance Doctor. 12mo, 370 pages. By Miss MARY DWINELL CHELLIS, \$1 25

This is a true story, replete with interest, and adapted to Sunday-school and family reading. In it we have graphically depicted the sad ravages that are caused by the use of intoxicating beverages; also, the blessings of Temperance, and what may be accomplished by one earnest soul for that reform. It ought to find readers in every household.

Out of the Fire. 12mo, 420 pages. By Miss MARY DWINELL CHELLIS, author of "Deacon Sim's Prayers," etc., \$1 25

It is one of the most effective and impressive Temperance books ever published. The evils of the drinking customs of society, and the blessings of sobriety and total abstinence, are strikingly developed in the history of various families in the community.

History of a Threepenny Bit. 18mo, 216 pages, \$0 75

This is a thrilling story, beautifully illustrated with five choice wood engravings. The story of little Peggy, the drunkard's daughter, is told in such a simple yet interesting manner that no one can read it without realizing more than ever before the nature and extent of intemperance, and sympathizing more than ever with the patient, suffering victim. It should be in every Sunday-school library.

Adopted. 18mo, 236 pages. By Mrs. E. J. RICHMOND, author of "The McAllisters," \$0 60

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